





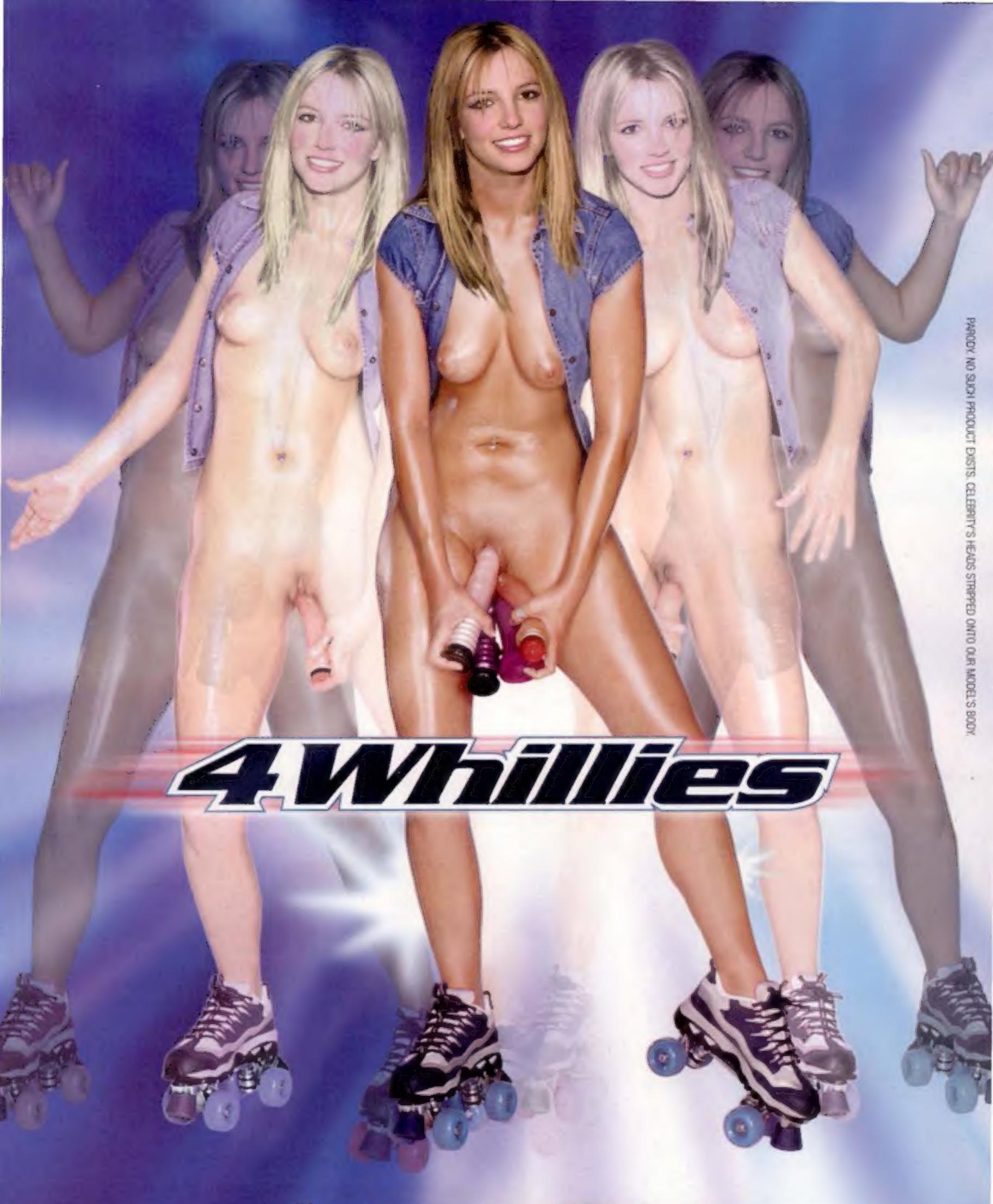
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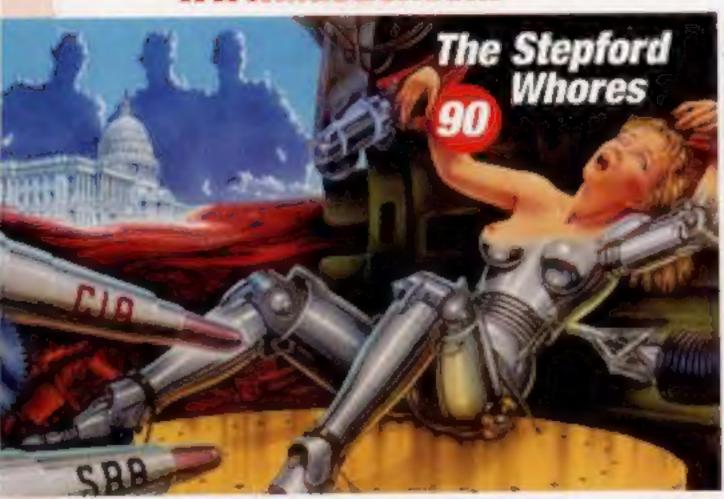
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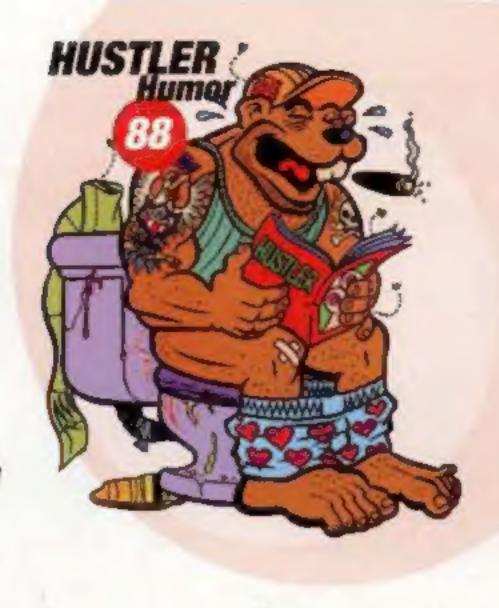
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Angel DeFina Talent Coordinator
To model in Larry Flynt Publications, call
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BitscrPieces

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

and bitching when your turd surfaces was a mark of journalistic integrity, Ann Coulter would win a Pulitzer. As it is, she will have to settle for being HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for December 2002.

Currently the most gruesome sideshow freak in the media-pundit circus, Coulter mars the airwaves with painful regularity, like a recurring rectal itch. Somehow, she construes her near-ubiquity as persecution. Though her weekly screeds can be found in 50 media outlets, she whines that "the public square is wall-to-wall liberal propaganda." She rushes from Larry King Live to Crossfire to Good Morning America to Hardball, grousing that the media has conspired to squelch conservative voices such as her own.

Coulter's paranoid delusions of victimhood are matched by her malice and ineptitude. Her black-and-white proclamations, slathered with shit-brown highlights, reveal the reasoning skills of a paint-huffing chimp and a three-year-old's grasp of reality. Coulter's primary shtick is to denounce liberalism, favoring blanket condemnation over rational discussion. Liberals are "mincing pantywaists," "traitors" and "terrorists" who devote themselves to "class warfare, ethnic hatred and intolerance."

From the other side of her shitflecked yap, Ann laments that "the country is trapped in a political discourse that resembles professional wrestling." Rather than take due credit for lowering the standard of debate, Ann posits that "liberals are calling names while conservatives



ANN COULTER

are trying to make arguments."

Coulter's hysterical rants reached their zenith in February 2002 at the Conservative Political Action Conference, when she exhorted, "We need to execute people like [American Taliban] John Walker in order to physically intimidate liberals, by making them realize that they can be killed too."

Ann's plan to shore up America's resolve by threatening a large portion of its populace with death is worthy of *Mein Kampf*. Yet Coulter expresses outrage when conservatives are branded as "Nazis" and "angry, hate-filled and mean."

Coulter's twisted-bitch brain perceives the shit talk she spews as superior to the perceived slurs she condemns. "When I call someone a name," pooh-poohs December's Asshole, "I can assure you it's true."

recent book, her accuracy is as suspect as her hair color. Ostensibly an exposé of the "liberal lies about the American right," the tome is a fecal collage of distortion, dissembling and fabrication. Coulter upbraids Today show host Katie Couric for having "ridiculed" Ronald Reagan as an "airhead." In truth, Couric, whom Ann "don't call me Nazi" Coulter refers to as "the affable Eva Braun of morning TV," was quoting Edmund Morris's Reagan biography, Dutch, which she criticized in a sub-

sequent interview with Morris.

Scrounging for proof of lefty media elitism, Coulter puffs, "It took the New York Times two days to deem [deceased race-car driver Dale] Earnhardt's name sufficiently important to mention it on the first page." This is an outright falsehood; like most papers, the Times ran a pageone piece on Earnhardt the day after his death. Coulter goes on to mischaracterize a second, fawning frontpage Times article on Earnhardt's legacy as a hit piece. From this petty mix of omission and calumny, Coulter concludes that liberals are "savagely cruel bigots who hate ordinary Americans and lie for sport."

"Americans like me-real Americans," boasts Coulter, who can't even stay in her employers' good graces. The hatchet-faced shrew was dumped from MSNBC for snapping at a disabled Vietnam vet, "People like you caused us to lose that war." Even the conservative National Review Online dropped her column shortly after her post-September 11 assertion that, "We should invade their countries, kill their leaders and convert them to Christianity." Coulter whined that her dismissal amounted to "repealing the First Amendment," an amendment that Ann, a supposed "Constitutional lawyer," had earlier dismissed as "vastly overrated."

Ann vastly overrates herself, misinterpreting her hate campaign as divine guidance: "God just decided, 'We've got enough lawyers; you are supposed to be on TV.' "

Reached for comment, the Almighty replied, "Ann Coulter is a lying Asshole."

FARTS IN THE WIND

Michael Jackson: What do you do when pedophilia charges and lousy music send your record sales into the shitter? Accuse your label head of bigotry, of course. Jackson recently derided Sony Music Group Chairman Tommy Mottola as "a racist, and he's very, very, very devilish." Apparently Mottola, the ex-husband

of black singer Mariah Carey, earned his white hood by sabotaging Jackson's latest album with a piddling \$25-million promo budget. Jacko, whose tolerance is reflected in the lyrics "Jew me, sue me...kick me, Kike me," is very, very, very much an Asshole.

Sidney Dorsey: Voted out of office

amid corruption allegations, former DeKalb County, Georgia, sheriff Dorsey has been convicted of plotting the murder of his successor, Derwin Brown, who was filled with 11 bullets in his own driveway by two Dorsey cohorts. Dorsey may have lost his badge, but his Asshole status is irrevocable.

Good Night, Sweet Prints

The pyramids immortalized the pharaohs. In South Dakota's Blac¹ Hills, four presidents and Crazy Horse are cast in stone. Prior to HUSTLER Hollywood, the closest thing to immortality any porn star could expect to achieve

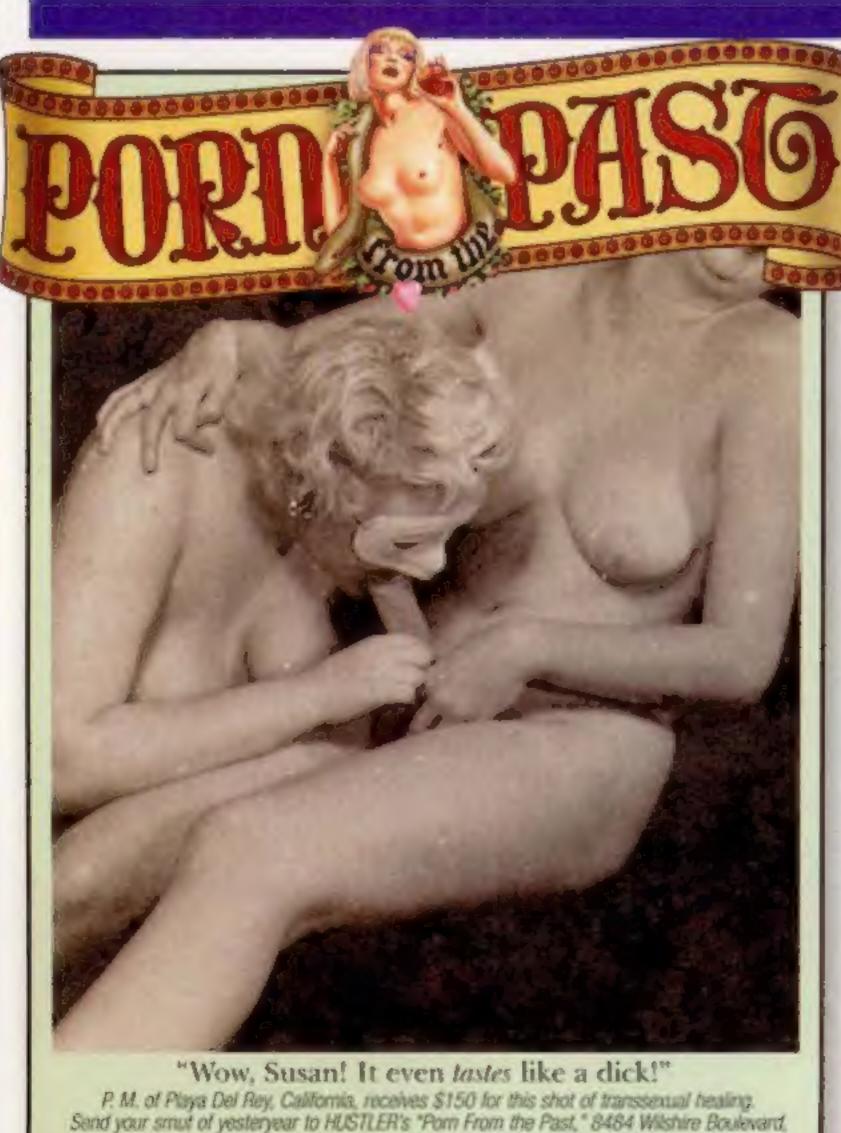
was a romantic link to Charlie Sheen. Now, adult stars know they have reached everlasting renown when Larry Flynt invites them to make an impression on the HUSTLER Hollywood Porn Walk of Fame. This year's inductees include none other than Jimmy Flynt, Larry's brother and an adult-publishing pioneer, as well as Sunset Thomas, launcher of

1,000 wet dreams. For more on Ms. Thomas, check out her upcoming spread in the January 2003 HUSTLER.

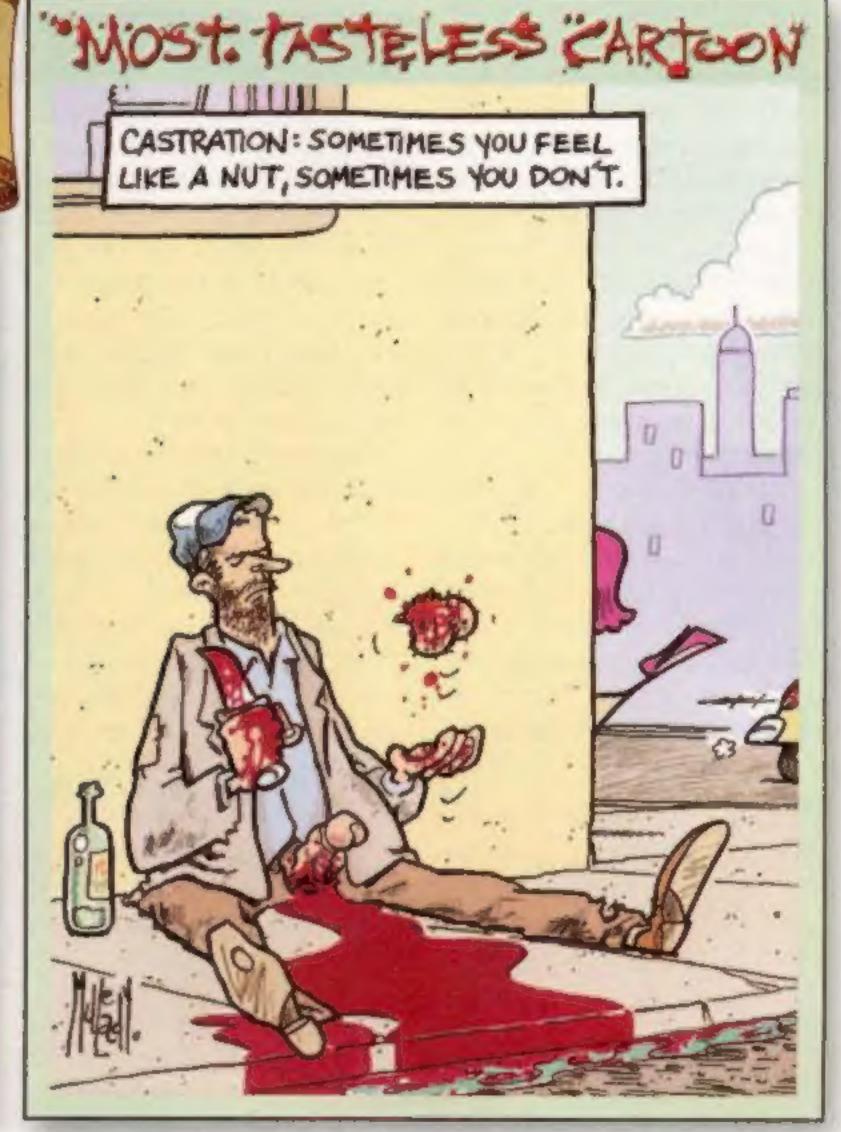


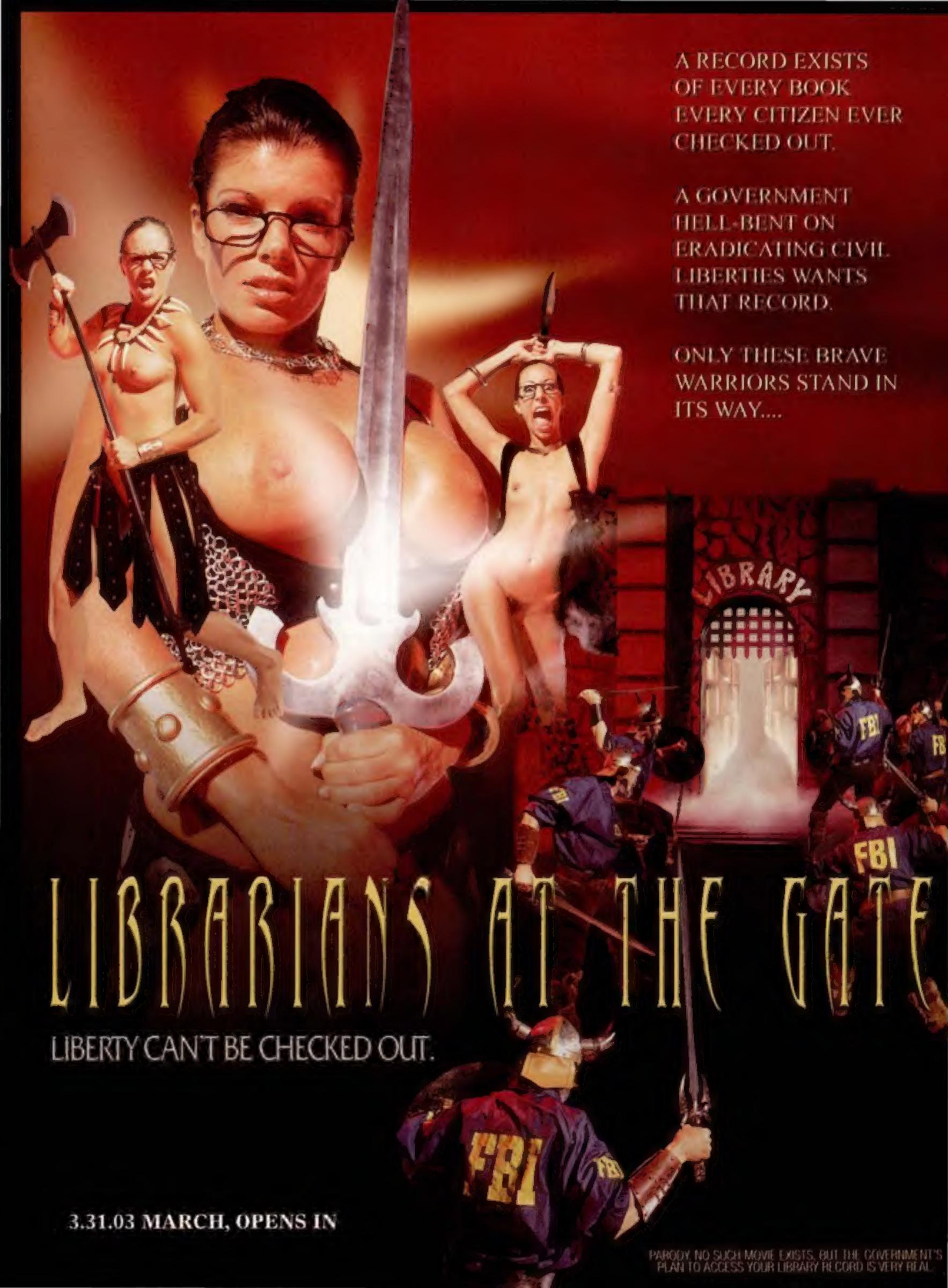
The Porn Walk of Fame is open free to the public at HUSTLER Hollywood, 8920 West Sunset Boulevard, West Hollywood, California.





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HUSTLER Interview: Citizen Dog

In the 1968 Presidential election, the Yippies entered a pig on the ballot. More recently, social commentator Michael Moore ran a plant for office. When HUSTLER learned that a Florida dog owner was registering his discontent with the political system by entering his canine in opposition to controversy magnet/Florida Secretary of State Katherine Harris's Congressional bid, we rushed correspondent and HUSTLER Honey Judy Star to the Sunshine State to conduct this exclusive interview with the pawed politico.

HUSTLER: So, Dog, what's it like running for office? CITIZEN DOG: Rough.

HUSTLER: 1 see.

critzen DOG: No, I was just clearing my throat. It's actually not unlike a walk in the park. Walk, pinch a loaf. Walk, pinch a loaf. So forth.

HUSTLER: You must have a low opinion of the political system.

CITIZEN DOG: No, politics is great. Especially here in Florida.

I mean, if my brother was governor, I'd be President right now.

HUSTLER: How would you characterize your opponent, Katherine Harris?

CITIZEN DOG: Nuggets from a stale cat box leave a better taste in my mouth.

HUSTLER: Finally, what makes you qualified to hold public office?

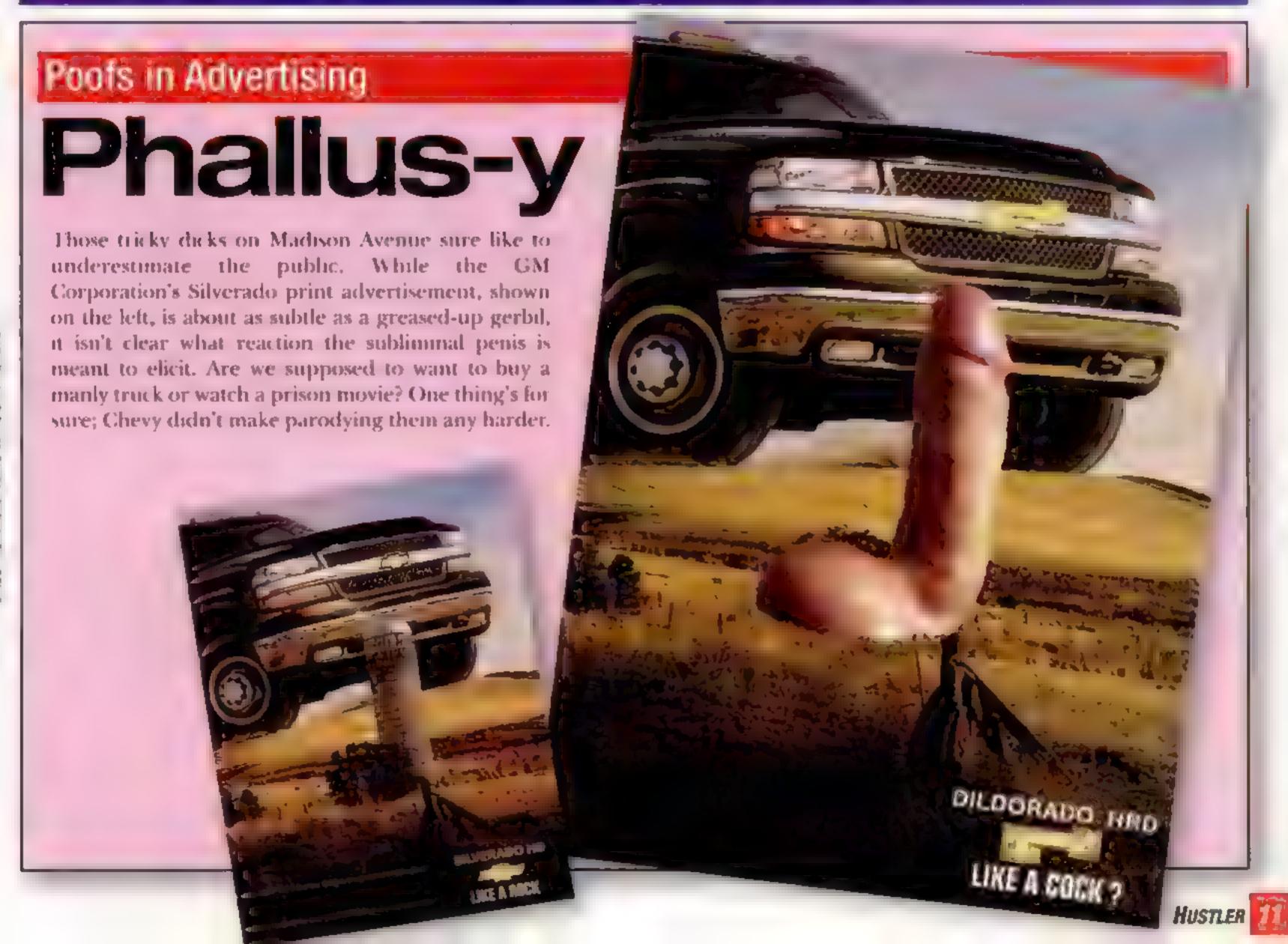
CITIZEN DOG: Excuse me while I lick my balls.





Video Felled the Radio Star







CONSUMER ALERT: When ordering merchandise through any mail-order supplier, minimize your risk of being disappointed by dealing only with mail-order merchants who accept credit-card payment and have a working phone number in their ads. Any offer that seems too good to be true is probably untrue

Mixed Flavors

F. W. from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, wrote that he wanted to see Kiwi screw two white dudes ("Tasty Kiwi," Feedback, September 2002 HUSTLER). Let's see some equality here. Kiwi should take on two white cocks and a pair of black schlongs as well. Give brothers like me a chance to poke her chocolate pussy too. —V. R.

Williston, Vermont

HUSTLER is proud to be color-blind. We try to mix it up every issue with models of every race. Check out *Priscilla and Ekzavir: Assembly Required* and *Lolly Grande Mocha* in this very issue for more sexual integration

To Wank Is Divine

As a priest, I am a bit embarrassed to be writing this letter. I want to express my appreciation to all the lovely ladies in all of your excellent magazines for all the joy and pleasure that they bring me. As a celibate, I permit myself only one form of sexual pleasure: masturbating to the beautiful models in nudie magazines. Larry Flynt's magazines, particularly HUSTLER, BUSTY BEAUTIES and HUSTLER LINGERIE, usually contain the most wonderful girls, the best photography and the funniest cartoons and

humor. I want to stress to your readers that the majority of priests are normal, straight guys who enjoy lovely adult women such as your models. The image of men of the cloth as homosexual

pedophiles is based on just a few of us and is really stressful on the vast majority of priests. I use HUSTLER to relieve that stress. Celibate life is lonely. I devote my existence to helping others; so I am truly grateful to the beautiful girls who, every month, pose in HUSTLER and give me a helping hand. Blessings and thanks.

—T. R.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Thanks for the praise, padre. Your healthy devotion to HUSTLER has restored our faith in men of the cloth.

Top-notch Kink

I'm changing my address on my subscription and thought I'd let you guys know that HUSTLER just keeps getting better and better. You guys have balls. I love the anal penetration and piss



shots that you run in your magazines. I also subscribe to HUSTLER'S TABOO, which is excellent. All HUSTLER fans should check that magazine out. Keep up the good work.

—D. T.

Signal Hill, California

For the kinklest newsstand smut that money can buy, call (800) 566-5760 and grab HUSTLER'S TABOO by single issue or subscription

Crook Review

I just finished Education of a Felon by Edward Bunker, which was excerpted in the October 2000 HUSTLER. What a great read. I highly recommend his books. Guys as real as him only come around once in a lifetime.

—T. S.

Hong Kong, China

The Feel of Monica

i don't know how you people manage to find such hot babes month after month. Monica (Monica: Tight Lipped, September 2002 HUSTLER) is the juiciest young chick who has ever graced the pages of a men's magazine. That Honey has the prettiest face I've ever laid eyes on. I would definitely love to find out just how tight her pussy is. In the future, please include more pages of each Honey, and don't skimp on the butt shots. Heed my suggestions, and I'll be a subscriber for life. —R. B.

Garden Grove, California

Let Them Dangle

The laws against public nudity are idiotic. Nudity does less harm than violent crime and robbery. I don't believe that we should have to wear clothes all the time, even on public streets, in bars and in stores. We're living in the 21st century; people should be able to go nude

HUSTLER NET











wherever they want. Nudists are freedom fighters, not criminals. Being clothed all the time can cause depression and anxiety. Living without garments can reduce blood pressure and tension in the body. HUSTLER should throw a nude festival in someplace like Lake Havasu City, Arizona, where everybody can let it all hang out. —J. P. Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Sorry, J. P., but we have to differ with you on this one. We're thankful that most of the population wears clothes. The prospect of rubbing against a sweaty back or hairy butt cheek in a crowded bus or elevator is enough to turn us off to your clothing-optional world. To all wannabe streakers out there (hot females obviously excepted), we say, "Stay dressed."

Trade of the Tricks

I'm an aspiring pornographer from the Midwest. I enjoyed your article on porn agents (Agents Pornographeurs, September 2002 HUSTLER). I wish you would have included details such as how much film companies pay these agents to secure their actresses, and how much the talent actually receives. Also, if you have any knowledge of books that have been written about the business of porn, I would be most interested. —T. B.

Some agents charge flat fees of approximately \$100 to the companies that use their models. Managers often take their end out of their models' pay to the tune of 20%. Our story is the most in-depth writing on the subject of porn-starlet representation.

via Internet

Doctored Cunt

B. P. from Rockford, Illinois, ("Glow-in-the-Dark Snatch," October 2002 Feedback) makes a good point. I just compared your October issue to the June Penthouse, and the pussies in Guccione's rag look more normal. Why don't you stop painting the pussy

neon pink and let it be real? I would appreciate it if you did. —H. C. Fort Worth, Texas

Cold

My wife and I love HUSTLER, but we feel that the pussies are beginning to look too much like strawberries. They don't look natural, and turn us off. Please leave these twats be. If it's not illegal, you should also start showing people pissing on each other. —C. C. via Internet

The days of Day-Glo cunts are over. The pink-crazed employee responsible for the recent tinting has left the building. We now return you to your naturally colored pornography already in progress

Mega-

I'm a huge fan of Joanie Laurer, a/k/a Chyna from the WWF. I'd love to see her muscular cunt in HUSTLER. Playboy did a couple of layouts with her, but they didn't go far enough. I'd like to see Joanie's perfect pussy the way it was meant to be viewed—spread wide open.

—J. A.

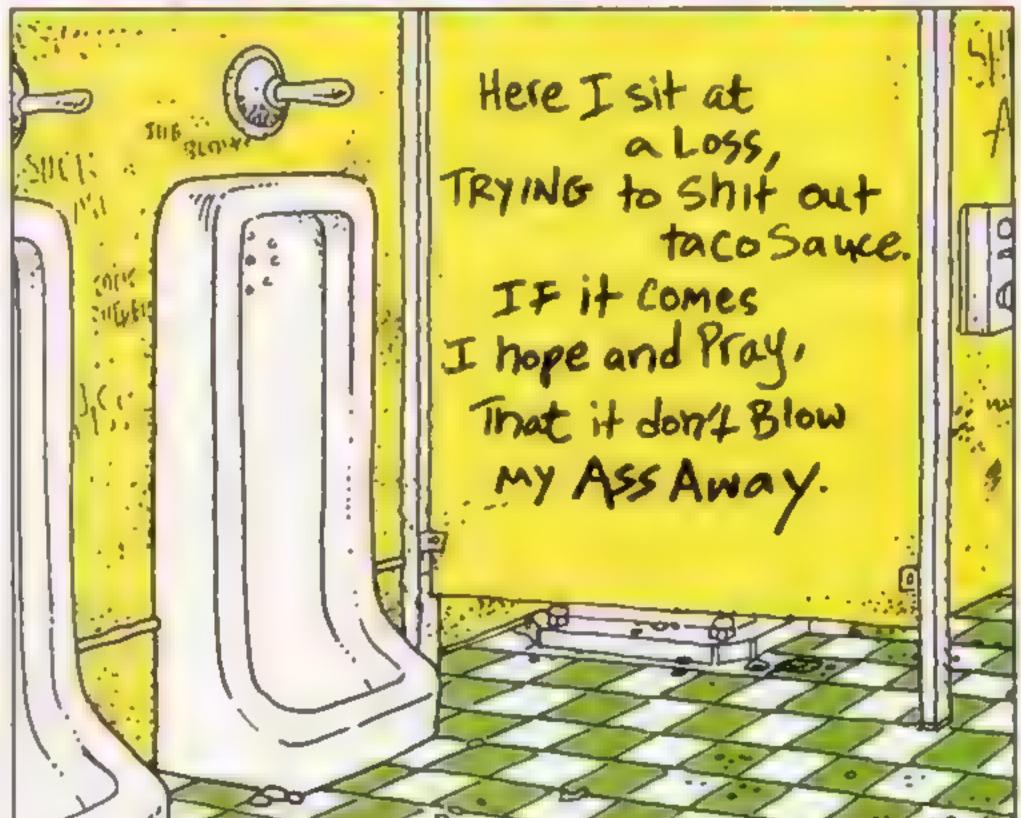
Plattsburgh, New York

We're with you, J. A., but we're guessing it would take 100 strong men to pry those well-muscled legs apart.

Voice of a Veteran

The October 2002 HUSTLER article about the military in Afghanistan (We Came. We Saw. We Pulled Guard) was interesting. However, being a former grunt with the 2nd battalion, 187th infantry regiment, I would like to point out some flaws in your research. First, I've never heard of pogs, but rather pogues (pronounced to rhyme with rogue), meaning anybody who's not in combat arms such as infantry, armor, aviation or artillery. I've never heard of a pogue who hated pilots or remained on page 25,





Thanks and \$50 go to Tim P

















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helicopter crew (continued from page 15) chiefs. Christ, those guys fly grunts around! Also, the Humvees don't have "supercharged" V-8 engines. If they do, they must be new, because I've never seen them. Humvees have piece-of-shit diesel engines that don't like to start most of the time. Most of the Humvees the Army has are beat to shit and old as fuck. Sometimes the Army is fun, and a tour does give you access to lots of cool ordnance, but most of the time the life just plain sucks, and most of the equipment is old and worn out. -T. M. Hillsboro, New Hampshire

Caught Up With Color

HUSTLER, and I have a couple gripes. First, the chick in the layout Yexes and Chris: Strict Tease looks identical to Destiny from Destiny and Lee: Give up the Gunk (June 2001 HUSTLER). I don't think they're the same girl, but they sure do look alike. Secondly, the cover girl Shelby's eyes look way too blue. I think your graphics department went overboard with Photoshop. Stick the black chicks in the back of the magazine and don't mess with the girls' eye color.

—B. L.

Columbus, Ohio

A Sane Man in the Nuthouse

In the May 2002 issue I noticed two hateful letters from readers regarding black models in HUSTLER ("Monotone Moron" and "Cracker in the Can," Feedback). Do you still receive tons of racist letters? I mean, didn't the porn video Snoop Dogg's Doggystyle sell a shitload of copies?

—M. J. via Internet

Snoop Dogg's Doggystyle is one of the best-selling porn titles of all time. The majority of the stroking population has learned to not only accept, but celebrate carnal diversity. The real minority is the noisy yokels who spout ignorance regarding race. Let them drown in their own shallow gene pool

Clueless Joe

Whoever controls Wall Street also controls Main Street. The Jews control Wall Street. I lost my life savings over the past two years. If they are the chosen people, then I'm the king of Spain. Don't they understand why they've been hated for thousands of years?

—R. H. Vulcan, Michigan

When bombarded by letters such as

this, it's really fucking hard to remember why HUSTLER so vehemently supports the First Amendment. Oh, yeah; we do it for the pussy, and we're not talking about you, R. H. Besides, everyone knows that the Jews control the media, not Wall Street. Duh.

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com, Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.









Jeanna Fine Tells the Fucking Truth

Trimming the Hole

What's the best way to remove hair from around the dumper? I have no problem shaving my snatch so that it's silky-smooth, but the asshole is another story. Shaving gives me an itchy butt rash, creams burn like hell and waxing is near impossible because of the difficult reach. Tell me the secret, Jeanna; how do porn stars maintain such clean thong lines?

—S. P.

Unless you live in Los Angeies, where pornfriendly salons offer anus-waxing, you'll have to stick to shaving. Stand or squat over a mirror and shave with the grain to avoid imitation and ingrown hairs. Stay naked for a while afterward and switch to all-cotton panties if you haven't already

via Internet

Neurotic Nudist

I'm obsessed with being naked. I'd just love to rip off my clothes and walk around buck naked, but I can't because I live with my mother. Because of my pent-up desire to shed my togs, I always feel anxious and uptight. This summer has been so hot that I've been driven nearly mad by my craving to run around naked. What should I do?

—J. P.

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Invest in a sarong and a pair of flip-flops. If your town lacks a Tahitian apparel store, fashion a homemade toga from an opaque sheet. As soon as you've got your new outfit on, sit your ass down and look into local nudist colonies. Finding your own apartment ought to be somewhere on your list of priorities as well

Burning Rubber

What is up with all the condoms I'm seeing in porn lately? I thought that porn stars were tested for diseases

before shooting the scenes and that most of the ladies were on the Pill. I know that when I fuck my girl, I want to feel her warm, wet pussy, not a piece of plastic. I buy smut to see unrestricted carnal action, not safe sex. Am I missing something? —S. A. via Internet

You're missing a grasp on reality. The blood testing that protects the porn industry guards most paid fuckers from HIV, but chlamydia, herpes and other STDs still run rampant. That's not to mention the incessant yeast infections that plague most starlets who engage in continual unprotected sex. Many companies (HUSTLER included) steer clear of prophylactics for the same reasons you cite, but condoms are a fact of modern life; so you may as well get used to them.

Too Mych Dick

My penis is about 6% inches when erect. Unfortunately, this is too much for my girlfriend. When we screw, I often nudge into what I'm pretty sure is her cervix. My lover finds this very painful. I've seen countless ads that claim to help make dicks bigger; is there a process or pill that will make mine smaller? If not, how else can I screw my girl without being a pain?

—M. K. Minneapolis, Minnesota

Talk to your girlfnend's gynecologist to find out what you're slamming into. Experiment with lubrication and positions—one angle may be creating too much access. There's also a good chance that your partner's fear of being hurt could be a self-fulfilling prophecy. Slowly build up steam and depth when you fuck her, and use foreplay to help her relax beforehand.

Convict Seeks SWF

I've been incarcerated for over a year and still have two more to go, I was

found guilty of lewd and lascivious behavior. One woman said I grabbed her breast; another accused me of exposing myself. I was drunk on both occasions. Since I've been in jail my old lady divorced me. I thought that my wife would stick by me, but I guess I was wrong. I'm very lonely. Can you set me up with some single women?

-J. G. Rutland, Vermont

The last thing you need to be thinking about right now is dating. You're in jail because you have obvious problems with the fairer sex. The fact that you think I'd hook up my single girlfriends with a sex offender underscores how oblivious you are to your disorder. Spend the next couple of years taking a long, hard look at your attitudes toward women. Fix yourself, then worry about being fixed up.

Two for One

Like most guys, my dream is to fuck two chicks at once. Every weekend I scope out the bars, searching for pairs of girls that look game. They always put me down. Is my direct approach turning these babes off? What's the best way to land two babes in one stroke?

> -T. G. Taos, New Mexico

Most threeways occur between highly organized swingers or through old-fashioned luck. Your recontinued on page 350



HUSTILES Lacra















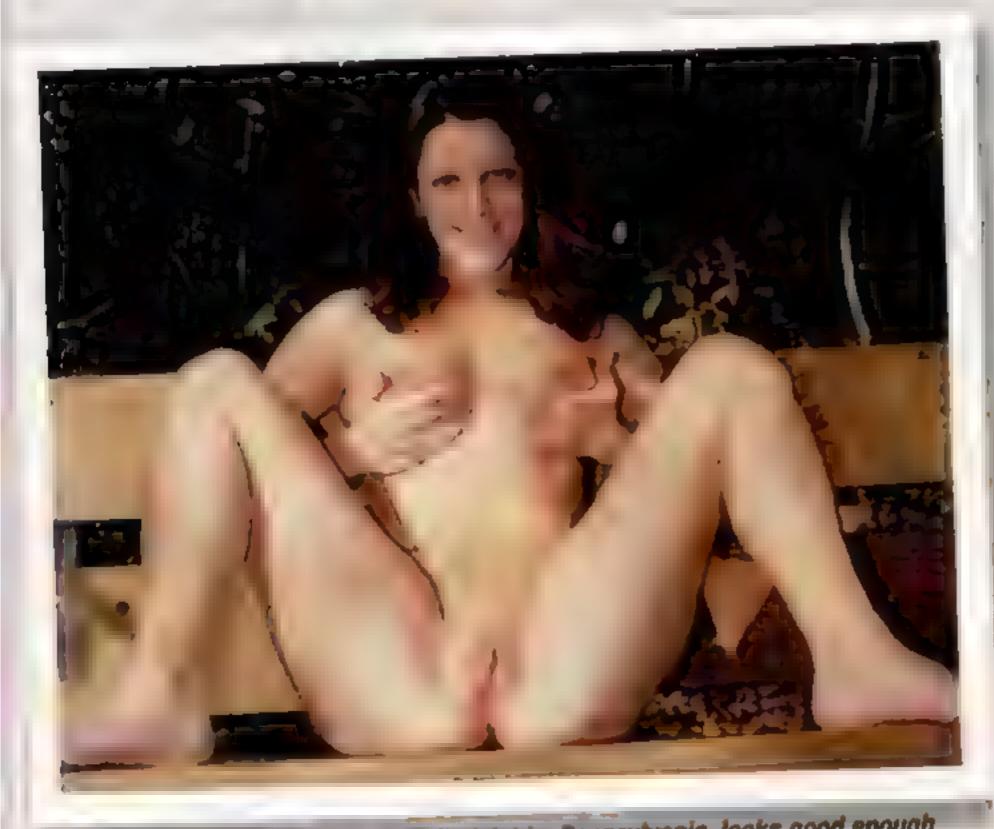


BETTE HUTTE

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nuclest own 18 years of age? The 2003 Busing Hyrit Guard Process of the 2003 Busing Hyrit Guard P

Winner is \$3.00 and the Financis photographers with \$0.00 A. At the high-photos of modes appearing in <u>Begant hand</u> receive a one wast subscription to High Life the made made in each and only a photos become of ID. Your photo laste of both and only a fure must appear on the IDs not the result all on the same one. All photos become the unreturnable properly of L.F.P. Inc.





Shaved and spread, Anna of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, looks good enough to eat. The 25-year-old administrative assistant and nursing student enjoys hiking, reading, flashing and sucking cock, and yearns for "a threesome with my boyfriend and a beautiful woman in front of an audience."

—Photo by Boyfnend



Celeste is a housewife from Cleveland, Ohio. The 21-year-old looker lives to fuck, and yearns to "be in your magazine with another woman." Funny, Celeste, that's our fantasy too.

-Photo by Boyfriend

Amateur Photo/Video Contests Win \$5,000 Cash!

Model Release / Entry Form

I write the stress of the stre

Please Print

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Note: Prize money sent to model only.

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Warning Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and or criminal prosecution

I deciare under penalty of per vey that all of the information I have given above is true and correct



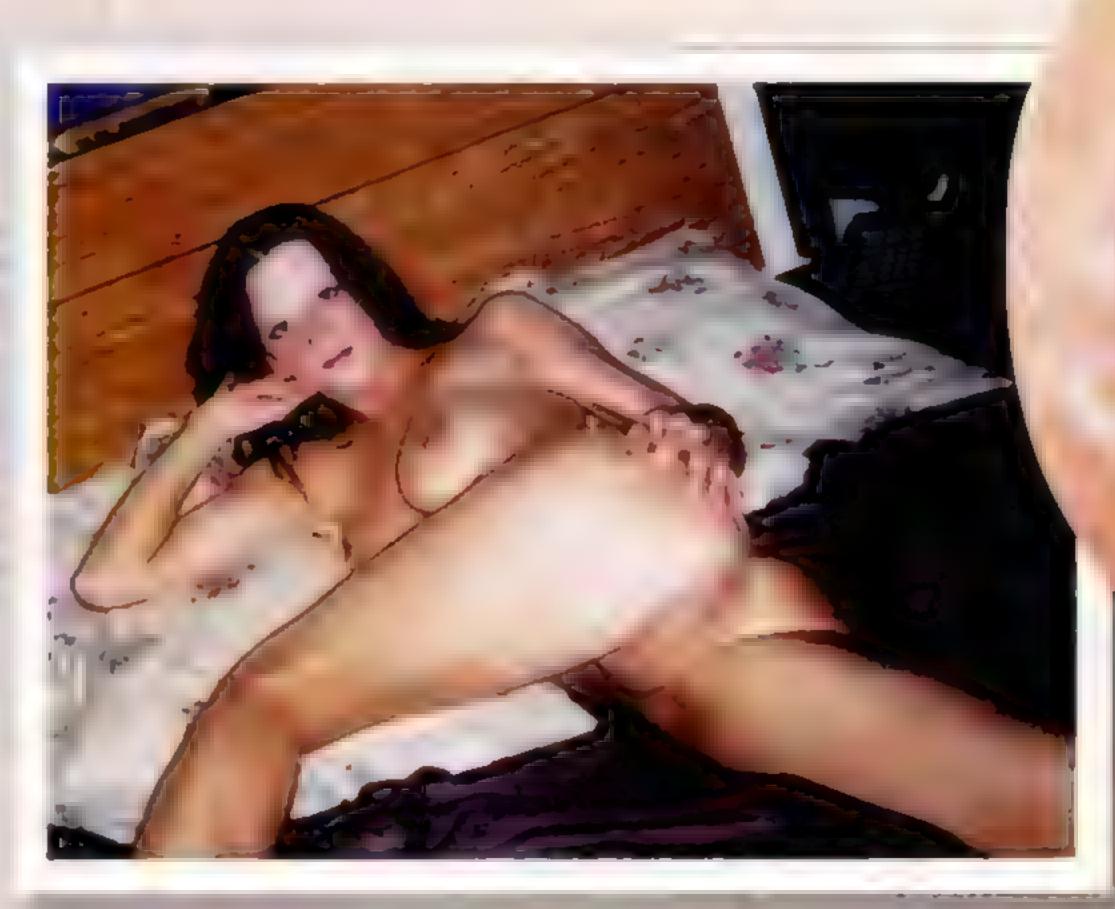
"I like to be an exhibitionist," says Lara of Belgium. The 26-year-old European hottie has hobbies, career ambitions and many sexual hobbies, career ambitions and many sexual fantasies, but declined to share them due to fantasies, but declined to share them due to translation difficulties. It's no skin off our nose, translation difficulties. It's no skin off our nose, Lara; we speak pussy fluently. — Photo by Berfrend



Fresno, California, rubberneckers may recognize
24-year-old road-construction worker Lexus. The
luxuriously named lady digs scuba diving and fantasizes about "getting it on in an airplane at 30,000 feet."

—Photo by Friend

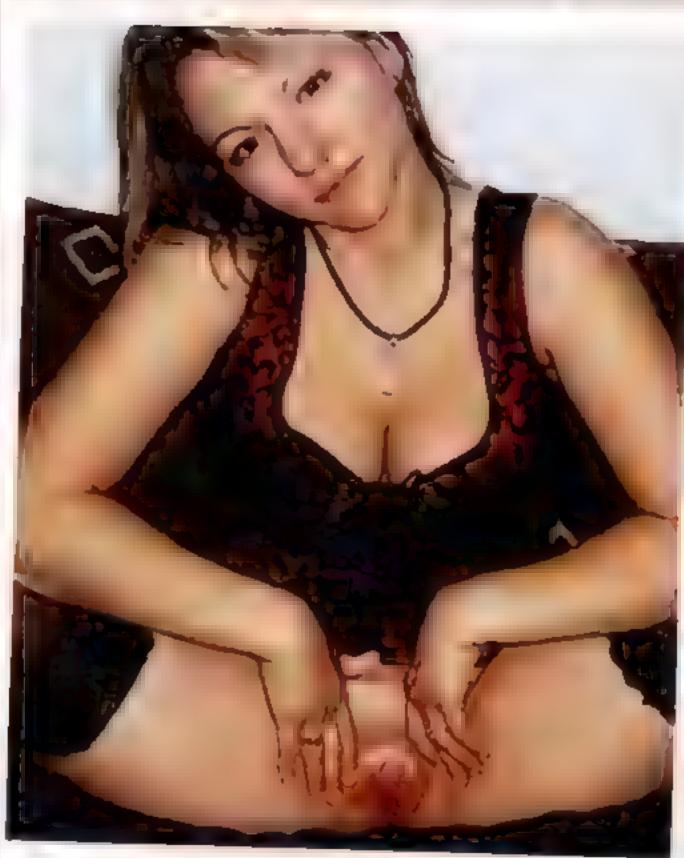
Mandi, 23, hails from
Peru, Indiana. The
Midwestern beauty
doesn't list an occupation, but seems to keep
busy with her favorite
pastime of "giving my
boyfriend blowjobs and
swallowing his juicy
load." Mandi dreams of
having "a threesome
with me, my boyfriend
and a sexy slut."
—Photo by Boyfriend





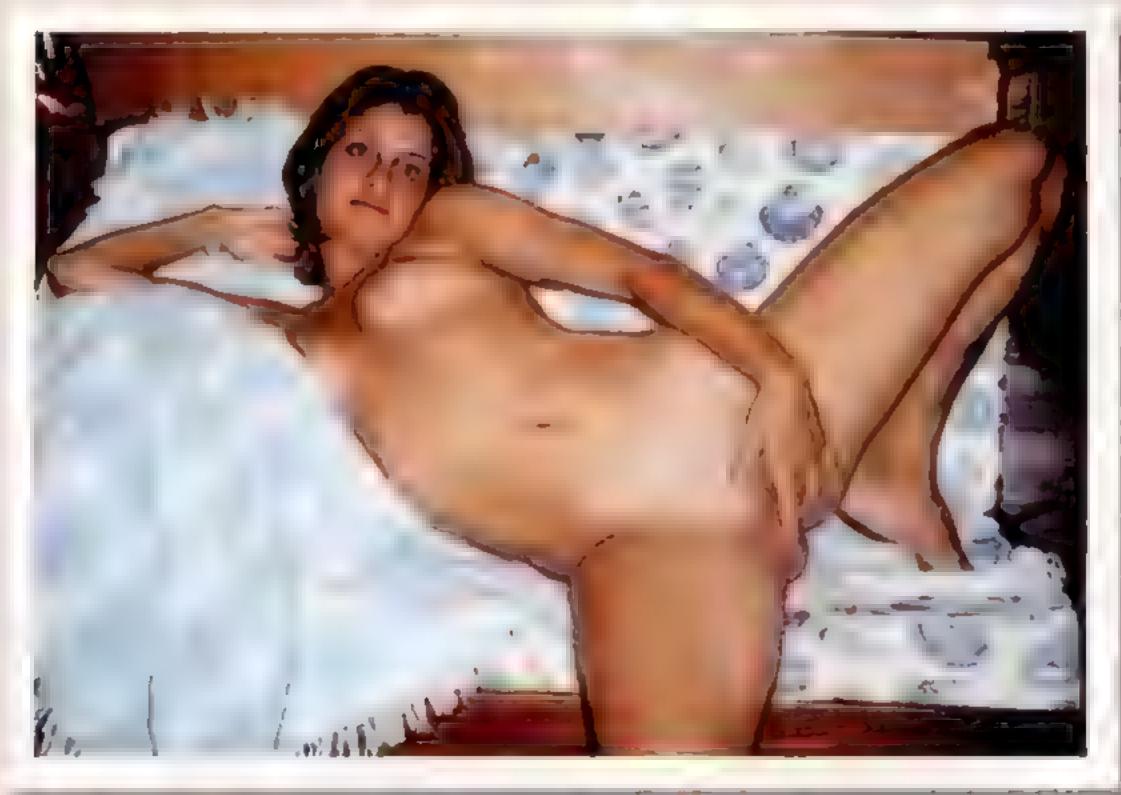
Busty Roxanne, 36, of Great Lake, Michigan, enjoys eating "big sticks." What the lovely exhibitionist does for a living remains a mystery, but she doesn't mind sharing her dream fuck of "making love in a pool of Jell-O."

—Photo by Friend



Milwaukee, Wisconsin's Kitty is into motocross, football and riding her motorcycle. The 30-year-old nanny would like "to be fucked during a bike rally while a girl eats my pussy."

—Photo by Husband



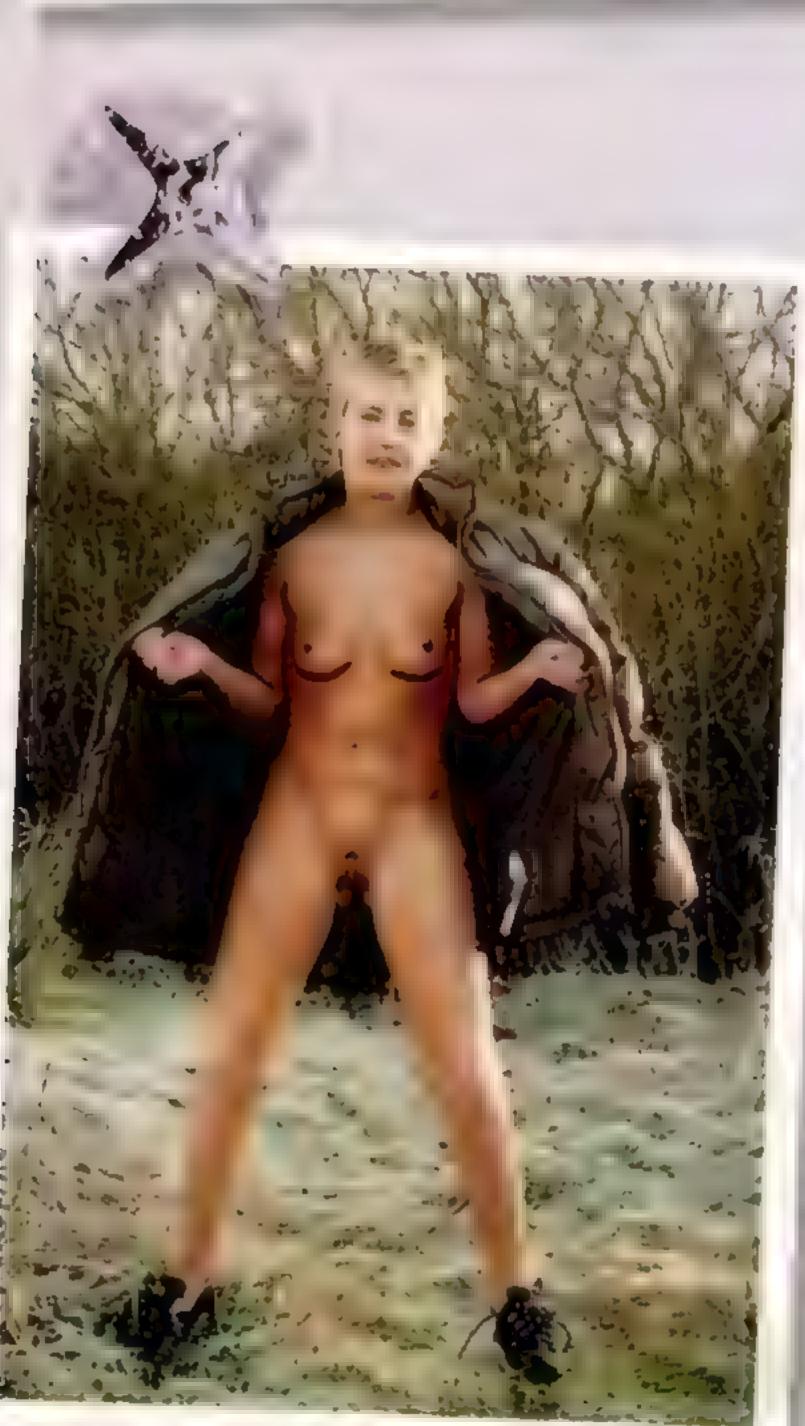
"I'm cute, and I love to fuck," puris 20-year-old Maryanne from Key West, Florida. The Conch Republic cutie enjoys boating and screwing her pal, and hopes for a career in modeling. Maryanne dreams of "making a porno with my best friend."

—Photo by Husband



Lisa, 32, a dancer and model from Milford, Delaware, enjoys horseback riding and craves "sex with two guys, sex with other girls and anal sex." Keep at it, Lisa; we're sure you'll enjoy all your desires in the end.

-Photo by France





"I've already lived out both of my steamy sex fantasies: rockstar sex and a wild threesome," boasts 22-year-old Victoria of Little Rock, Arkansas. The wannabe dancer and model loves going to concerts and participating in school clubs.

-Photo by Friend

Say "cheers" to Keavy, 29, from Blackpool, England.
This bird enjoys working out and riding horses bareback. The clothing-optional housewife would fancy
a chance "to make love on the beach on a lovely
summer's night."

—Photo by Husband





Who's up for a bonus Beaver?
China, 24, a nurse from Harrisburg,
Pennsylvania, joins her 19-year-old
pal Serena for a lesbo hot-tub
romp. China, the Nubian on the
left, enjoys writing poems and
listening to slow music. Serena
wants to "be with ten girls
at a time."
—Photo by Friend

Daisy May, 27, of Pittsburgh,
Pennsylvania, enjoys camping,
fishing, hunting, horseback
riding and lounging on the
beach. The self-employed babe
entertains fantasies of "lying on
a public beach completely naked
when a sexy girl comes over
and asks, 'Can I join you?'"
— Photo by Friend



A limber housewife from Lindsay, California, Lisa enjoys singing, fishing and fucking. The leggy 26-year-old longs "to be gang-banged and be with another female." We're sure plenty of readers would bend over backward to make Lisa's dream come true.

-Photo by Friend



will only make you less popular with single ladies. Hang out at bisexual bars, but don't come on so strong. Successfully orchestrating threesomes will require patience, if you're really so desperate to immediately screw two babes at once, pay for it.

Old Softy

My dick has been going limp on me lately. I can work up a stiffy, but as soon as I leave my cock alone for a second, it melts again. I've enjoyed nearly 30 years of rock-hard erections; now my half-limp noodle is really bumming me out. Has old age finally caught up with my joint?

-K. R. Portland, Oregon

Go to the doctor, but don't just take the Viagra and run. It ain't pretty, but at your age, you need to keep a close eye on your prostate, not to mention your cholesterol. Try to think of your body as a whole. When the entire system is running strong, the prick will fall, or rise, in line

One Spunk or Two?

One of my co-workers was recently busted for jerking off into the office coffeepot. They fired the son of a bitch immediately. Even though he's gone, I'm afraid that he may continue to leave his mark. Recently, I found cold sores growing around my lips. Could I have contracted herpes from that disgusting bastard?

-M. G. New York, New York

Yes, among other ailments. You may also have been exposed to everything from HIV to hepatitis C. I'm amazed that your workplace hasn't already arranged for all employees (particularly the offend er) to undergo testing. You should be compensated for all of your medical expenses resulting from this incident After you see your doctor, pay a visit to your lawyer

Four in the Whore

My buddies and I are wondering if you could settle a bet for us. One of my pals



"It's quite easy for us to remain celibate, my son. Most of the priests are fags."

says he once saw a porn tape with a double-vaginal, double-anal scene. He can't find a copy of the video as proof. I say that there's no way that many dudes could fit into one broad. You're a seasoned porn star who has seen her share of wild fucks; is it possible to squeeze four dicks into two holes?

—J. P.

Amarillo, Texas

Simultaneous double-vaginal and doubleanal penetration is logistically impossible. You just can't cram that many men into the area—not even midgets. In fact, you'd be hard-pressed to find even a natural triple penetration on tape. It's not uncommon to see double penetrations with a dildo or butt plug thrown in, but two real dicks is the limit. I'd love to be proven wrong though

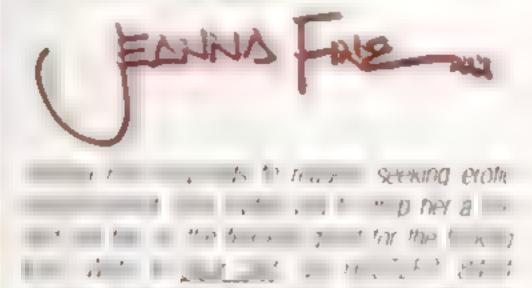
The Scent of a Woman

My girlfriend and I regularly go camping so we can screw in the woods, next to rivers and atop mountains. I've been told by armchair nature experts that we shouldn't bump uglies in the forest because the smell of hot cunt attracts bears. Are these assholes full of shit, or should my lover and I keep our antics indoors?

—H. I.

Indio, California

Outdoor fucking can be a transcendental experience, but safety should be a primary concern. Always be aware of your surroundings. Screw in a cleaning with good visibility, not a bush. Pick a mountaintop instead of a cave. Steer clear of poisonous plants and be sure to stir up nearby rocks to scare away snakes and bugs before you start porking. Most importantly, learn about the area you're in, if bear encounters are common, save the sex for the cabin.



al at shiftedilp















THE LETTERS

It's All About the ATM

I used to have a good career. Now I have a shitty job that pays crap but keeps my dick wet. A year ago I was living large, pulling in big cash at an Internet start-up. My bosses threw killer parties, gave great bonuses and bought us hookers and coke when we went to conventions. After a year they ran out of money and shit-canned every last one of us.

Now I'm paid minimum wage plus commission to sell cellular-phone plans out of a cart in the mall. It's the best thing that ever happened to me.

Sure, the mall sucks, but so do the clientele, and that's all I care about. You would not believe all the fine women who brush past me every day. I'm no stud, but the sheer volume of fuckable pussy that I come in contact with makes scoring inevitable.

First, there are the girls who work in the department stores. The slits that preside over the makeup counters spend all day primping and painting themselves. All of their energy is focused on drawing the attention of the male. They feed off that shit and respond to come-ons like an addict jumps for crack.

Next are the babes who work in the food court. These are the real tramps; they'll suck your cock for a bag of weed, and take a prick in the ass just to pass the time. Sometimes their faces break out because of their greasy jobs, but a quick upward flip of their aprons usually alleviates that problem in a jiffy.

Gustomers are my hands-down favorite sexual prey. I love to watch the uppity bitches strut from store to store with their Coach purses and skintight jeans. These birds are the most challenging conquests, but by far the most rewarding.

Take, for example, the leggy, blond babe I nailed this afternoon. She was your standard suburban sexpot, decked out in Ambercrombie and Fitch and a tasteful dusting of M.A.C. She came to me looking for a new phone; I gave her her first anal experience.

With a smattering of sweet talk, it wasn't hard to lure the pint-size tart into the changing rooms at JC Pennys. I ran my hands along the length of her body, slowly caressing her curves, before jerking her jeans down and revealing her snatch. A tiny string of underwear was buried deep in her fleshy cunt crack. I burrowed my tongue into the crevice and dug for her love button before clamping my mouth over her hood until her cooze wept with pleasure.

I looked up to find that she'd already bared her perky breasts. Well-manicured fingers danced across her pufly nipples as the slut's tongue wagged hungrily.

"Fuck me, then let me taste myself," she ordered. I obeyed. My cock nudged against her fat outer lips, then broke through to her moist opening. I grabbed the chippie's legs and spread them wide so my joint could drill deep into her mound.

When I pulled out, her eyes ht up. "Gimme, gimme, gimme," the greedy twat begged. I offered my cunt-slick prick, which she greedily gobbled.

"I love the taste of my own pussy," she purred. "Give me some more."

I followed her instructions, I dipping my wand into her honeypot and feeding her the sweet nectar. That's when I came up with an inspired idea.

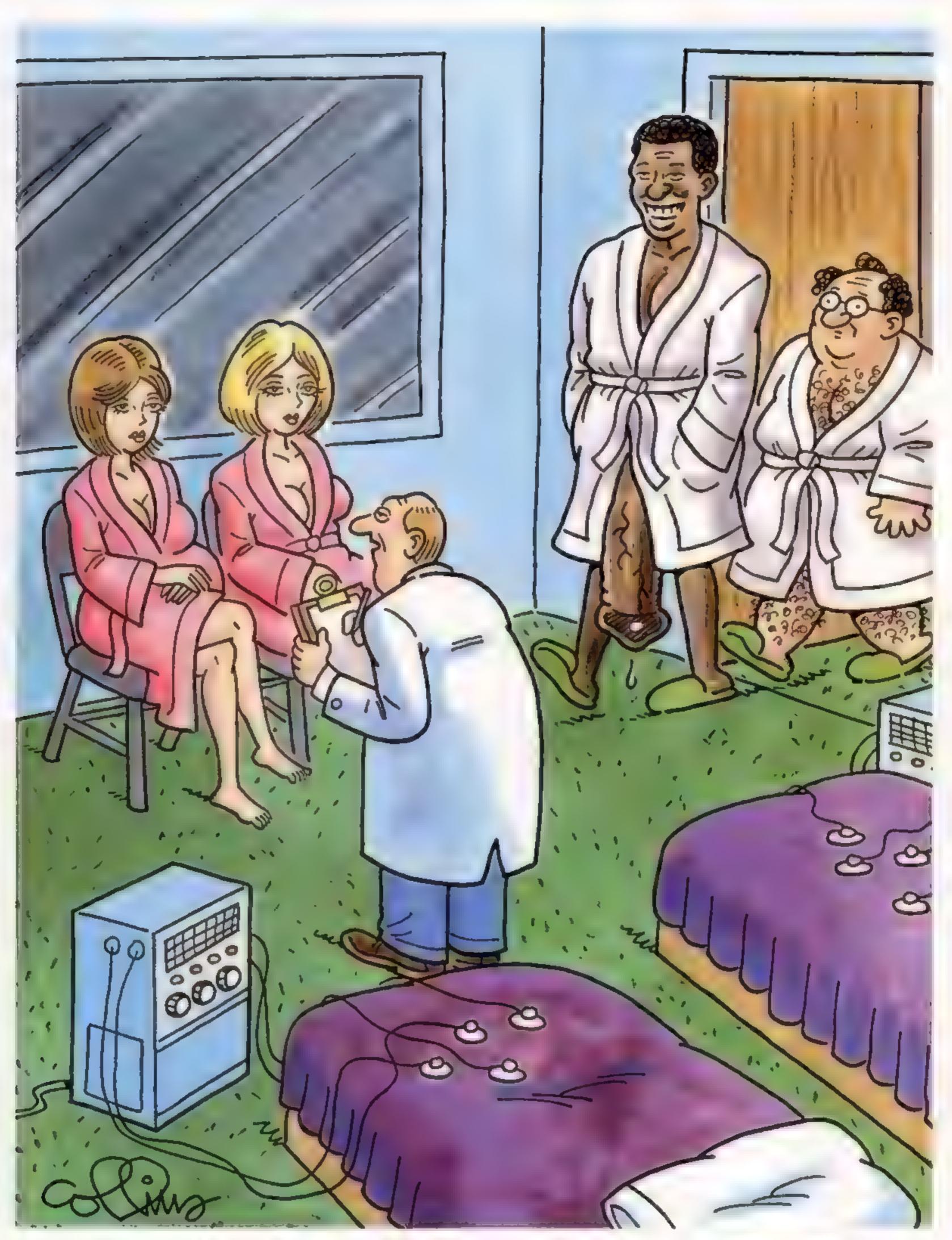
"You wanna taste something better?" Lasked.

"Yeah," the quivering trollop nodded.

I pinned her legs above her head and gave her dripping cooze one last jab. When my snizz-slick prick slid into the slut's cornhole, her face lit up with anger

"I don't do that," (continued on page 56)





"Here studying the effects of organis. One of you will have her brains fucked out while the other necesses a placebo."





Taylor Loves Rocco #2: 12 cm still taste Taylor's cunt!"



Taylor Loves Rocco #2: Like Veime, Taylor effet became "confused" without her glasses.



Taylor Loves Rocco #2: Love means never having to say, "Sorry I farted."

Taylor Loves Rocco 32



Taylor Hayes and Rocco Siffredi must be addicted to public displays of affection in Taylor Loves Rocco #2 the titular couple can t keep their hands off each other. On the streets of Budapest, Rocco molests Taylor. The macho man mauls her breasts on a street corner, then hikes the tramp's skirt up and slurps her cooze. The cameraman captures the exhibitionist act from across. the street - the viewer sees the cars and pedestrians pass oblivicusty in the foreground. Rocco leads his lovely fuckmate under a budge where he stabs her cunt with his Italian sausage. The pair foo s around in a car, a pub and a pool hall, but it isn't until they finally find a room that they deliver an honest-to-goodness porn scene It's just as good that they delayed the conventional rutting though five by-the-book facks would have been tiresome. Taylor Loves Rocco #2 keeps viewers hard with voyeuristic variety

Pom for

THE XXX TRAINING VIDEO

Time was, jizz-industry acumen was achieved via a bumpy path of needle marks, herpes sores and shards of shattered hope. Now, new-



comers to the porn business learn everything they need to know from Porn 101. The free tape is distributed to sex workers after their first HIV/STD screening at AIM HealthCare Foundation, a Sherman Oaks, California, organization dedicated to maintaining the physical and mental health of blue-screen stars Hostesses Nina Hartley and Sharon Mitchell school neophytes on the ins and outs of the smut biz, drawing from their combined decades of experience. Erotic Entertainment screened the video primer and

compiled the following pearls of wisdom, tips, tricks and painfully obvious (but necessary) directives for first-time screen fuckers.

>>"Always take the air out of the tip." —Hartley on condom application

>>"You should never work with someone whose [blood] test is older than 30 days. Don't trust anybody." Hartiey

>>"I saw myself with dirty feet in a movie in 1978 and I never got over it." —Mitchell on the importance of podiatric hygiene

>>"We like having sex with clean people. When you come to the set be freshly shaved, freshly bathed, freshly shampooed." — Hartley

>>"If you have a little scar or something then wear a sexy garter belt to cover it up." —Mitche I

>> "Stand in front of a mirror and dance for yourself until you like what you see." — Hartley

>>"The camera will tell in close-up whether you're wincing in pain or wincing in pleasure." —Mitchell

>>"If you would not do it at home for free, I would not recommend doing it on camera for money You. It hate it —Hartley

>>' It's a good idea to bring your own towel; some of those towels get kind of funky," —Mitchell

>>"The prettier you are, the more you can charge. If you're brandspanking new, I would charge no less than \$450. Girl/girl (should

fetch) no less than \$400 and mastur bation \$250."—Hartley



>>' If you're in the middle of a custody battle it's probat y not a good dea to do adult entertainment right now."

-- Mitchell

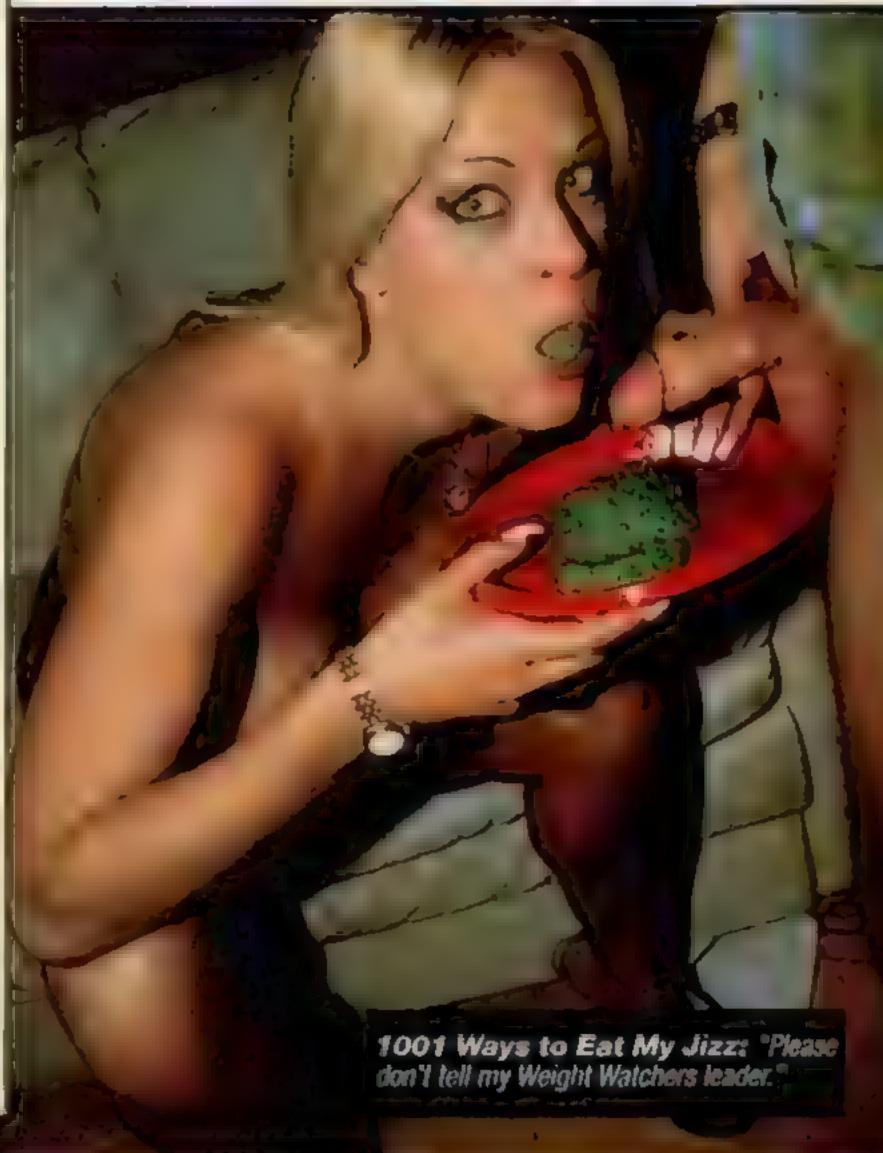
>> You don't have to do anal sex to become popular and known in this business " — Hartley

>>"You're not gonna get a residual so be happy with whatever you're gonna be charging for that sex act for that day forever." Mitchell

Smile, kids. The Industry's not all bad.

Go to http://aim.med.org/for more information about A M HaithCare Foundation







obsessed personality that eclipses her super-inflated chest sacks The ruby-lipped brunette jokes with Morgan about her favorite sexual practices, then energetically demonstrates them with the help of Brad Armstrong's groin mast Alexis squeats while being plundered from behind, showing why this voluptuous treat has quickly earned a devoted following Youthful and now-ubiquitous vixen Luna also swells bones by slipping Steve Hatcher's cock into her lean twat. New Girls in Town #3 is not quite as fresh as it pretends to be but that's forgivable; these fuckers still screw like they mean it

-Clive Thurstwood

director doubles as stunt dick in every scene, offering his pallid schwang to a stream of Z-list porn whores. The blowjobs are sloppy, visceral and dirty-many of them are shot in back rooms and on scummy porn-office floors. The vulgar variation comes with each pop-shot, in which Arkham spurts onto some sort of food before feeding it to the suckstress. Sierra gobbles cum-covered Vienna sausage, then laps up the jizzy meat soup that's left sloshing around in the plate. Later, Arkham spoons a gob of sperm and pudding for Ryan Meadows, before taking a bite for himself. There are 1001 Ways to Eat My Jizz, and they're all disgusting.

pipe does coax her to mutter, "Oh, my God-that's a big cock," but Catalina soon drifts back to catatonia and blankly awaits her concluding jizz blast to the face Dyn-A-Mite briefly livens up the tape with a deafeningly loud blowjob The grinning redhead relishes her degradations, cooing as her ass is stapped and flashing a toothy grin when her sphincters are stretched wide by man-meat. The foulmouthed pixie has all the energy the other tramps in this video lack Only Layla Jade's fierce tonguefuclung of man-ass approaches the spark of Dyn-A-Mite's on-camera reaming. Otherwise, deviants will need uppers to last through Rave Sexxx #2. —C. T.

brunettes Aimee Tyler and Ryan Meadows are well worth hoarding. Mr. Marcus takes both back to his pad and crams their innards with African sausage. Jessica is another ho worth hogging. This foreign-born babe looks like Kate Hudson and fucks like she's trying to gain admission into hell. Jessica growls as she rides a black rod, then pauses and snarls, "Oh, my Gotf! I must suck!" The uber-cunt crawls toward the towering ebony tool and stretches her lips around its girth. The sluts in Beverly Hills 9021-HO #3 make pimping look like the best gig in the world

-M. V.



more cock while pawing at Angel Love's chocolate truffle. Love shakes her hypnotic ass cheeks for the camera before she and Clouey swap mouthfuls of jizz. Despite Clouey and Angel Love's dynamic foursome, Simone's rut is the one to remember. Sporting braces and an obscenely voluptuous bod, the box-cover girl clearly thinks that her fine, black ass is too good for Brian Pumper, but her aloof countenance crumbles when Pumper's ball batter jets up her nostril Simone pisses, moans and tries fruitlessly to clear the invading splooge from her sinuses with machetenke, press-on nails. Black on Black #2 is solid hard-core with a squirt of unintentional hilanty

actress Nina Hartley heads the team of thespians who put on the show. Stilted dialogue abounds as the porn folk sputter out the plot points and interpersonal conflicts that supposedly reveal the fascinating underlying politics of the troupe. Thankfully, every ten minutes or so a couple of the actors pair off and screw. Gina pulls a dude into the bathroom, and quickly gobbles his tool. When the silicone-enhanced blonde climbs aboard the dick, the viewer's attention is unfortunately drawn to the copious body glitter that's been slathered across her lithe frame The sparkles wink in the pit of her shitter and eventually coat her partner's balls. Light on genuine sexiness and heavy on artifice. Capers is excessive in all the wrong places.

his camcorder. Bunz (who's helmed shoddy porn travesties such as Beach Blankett wanders the grounds of a nudist ranch asking everybody he sees idiotic questions such as, "Have you seen the swimming pool? Any hot girls there?" Soon Bunz encounters a suspiclously femme-looking muscle-boy named Valentino. After a meaningless exchange of pleasantries about volleyball courts, Valentino porks Tina, a surprisingly cute brunette The windy outdoor location renders their means inaudible, but Tina's allnatural curves are worth a look There are some other comety sluts on hand, including young, blond Nicole and shaggy redhead Manssa, but the lousy camera work and welfare production values make Baby Face age quickly

-C. T.

site. The fan shows Calli a good time, taking her to a firing range. several restaurants and a ranch. but the real fun occurs in the bedroom. Calli straddies the cowpoke and inhales his tool while he slurps her cunny. Tex finger-bangs Cox from behind, pounding her honeypot into a froth. Fountains of shejizz squirt from her cunt, but Tex doesn't let up. Orgasm after orgasm rocks the babe's poontang. spraying a huge stain across half the bed. The experience leaves Calli's brain fried, her hands shaking Later, viewers are treated to an MTV Cribs-style tour of Nikita Denise's pad and a fuck between real-life couple Little Romeo and Ryan Meadows, Shane's World #30: Keepin' It Real is a keeper.

--AL V.







Flesh Hunter ably spears a sextet of mouthwatering cooze. The only drawback is the excruciating length of each fucking intro. Is it really necessary to follow Krystal Steale through a shopping plaza for 15 minutes? Aurora Snow takes her time to muse on why she likes rainy days, but when the brighteyed tramp swallows a pair of cocks into her elastic shitter, the tape hits its stride. Only talent such as Snow's can make the act of two men rubbing their puds together inside an anus seem almost not gay. Along with a series of messy facials for jizz queens Luna and Jenna Haze, Tommi Rose earns fist-pumping ovations for her wrangling of Lexington Steele's mega-shaft. The petite sizequeen's eyes grow big as saucers when Lex whips his chocolate prong out, and nearly pop from her head when Steele's anaconda snakes into her stretchy twat. Flesh Hunter's meatier moments make up for preliminary lapses.



Inari Vachs practices survival of the bitchiest in Natural Selection. The starlet pouts, throws fits and stomps around in clunky, Payless mules because her workaholic husband, Kyle Stone, doesn't give her enough attention. Sure, he brings home the bacon and delivers orgasms during their daily quickies, but Inari wants moreshe wants to cuddle. Stone, understandably, fucks around on Vachs, looking for pussy without so many strings. Elizabeth X, who is also Inari's best friend, provides Kyle with just the kind of screw he needs. Straight out of the shower, Kyle bangs Elizabeth's snatch, grabbing hold of her jugs as he slams her tush. Vachs retaliates by fantasizing about fucking a stranger in the park, then going home and antagonizing her husband with passive-aggressive pillow talk. Inari's annoying attitude in Natural Selection dooms boners to extinction.



Exotic temptresses with nifty, monosyllabic names submit to fierce violations in Asian Fever #7. Waifish siren Pim is rescued by two mook samaritans after she falls while wading in shallow water. To thank her greasy saviors, Pim treats them to a sandy D.P. on the beach. Eisewhere, fuck buddies Pre and Na dyke out with a dildo. When Pre holds the veiny toy in her mouth while Na bounces her slit on it, the acrobatics match anything done in that Crouching Tiger flick. Later, Cheryl Dynasty is accidentally booked into the same hotel room as Pat Myne. When the pint-size fuck machine walks in to find a spank video playing on the TV, she chirps, "Cool! Porn!" and feverishly frigs herself until a pleasantly surprised Myne joins in. Full of beautiful, all-natural nymphs, Asian Fever #7 is a ticket to stroker Shangri-la.

—C. T.



A quick check ist of features
reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER
and HUSTLER EROTIC MORE COME.

Pally Dreet

Les Vampyres 2: The Resurrection (Metro Inc.) Misty Rain, Syren, Mark Davis

Real College Girls (HUSTLER Video) Maria, Josie, Debbie

Young & Black (HUSTLER Video) Krwi Monica, T. J. Cummings

XXX Road Trip #1 (Rad Light District) Eva. Esta, Brandon Iron

Amateur Angels #2 (Adam & Eve Productions) Tawny Roberts, Sandy Knight, Chris Cannon

Brett Rockman, M.D. (Extreme Associates) Veronica Caine, Olivia Saint, Brian Surewood

HUSTLER'S Superfuckers #13 (HUSTLER Video) Pokahontas, Lyudmilla, Titol

Lady Fellatio: In the Dog House (Elegant Angel) Flick Shagwell, Samantha Sterlyng, Tyler Wood

Love Muffins (Wicked Pictures) Alex Foxe, Shelby Myne, Steven-St Croix

Deep Inside Julie Meadows (VCA Pictures) Julie Meadows, Billy Glide, Alec Metro

The 4 Finger Club #20 (New Sensations) Jenna Haze, Kylie Wilde, Avery

Freak on a Leash in L.A. (Rex Ryder Entertainment) Kid Vegas and friends

Nice Guys Finish Last (Vivid Video) Raylene, Blait, Kyle Stone

The Real Deal Amateurs: Real Naughty Wives and Uniformal (BB Entertainment) Kelly, Michelia, Mike

Savage Security (Pleasure Productions) Gina Lynn, Chenin Blanc, Lee Stone

Sweatin' It (Kick Ass Pictures Inc.) Lola, Faith, Pat Myne



Bangin' in the Hood (Metro Inc.) Black Berry, Pebbles, John Moore

Consed for 2

(Stable/International Communication Windsor, Asia Carrera, Tuck Johnson



-C. T.

On The Hottest Sex Toys From Adam & Eve!



1. Jelly Stim Jim Vibe . This stender fella packs a powerful punch! At a sleek 7º long, 1º wide, this pink penis-shaped jelly vibe is perfect for front and backdoor action. Multi-speed twist base. Requires 2 AA battenes (sold separately) Item #4914 Was \$3465 NOW ONLY \$9.95! Save Guer 2016

2. Champagne Jelly Dong . You'll pop your cork with this 8" long, 2" wide clear jelly phallus with large, squeezable balls! The suction cup base allows for hands free penetration. Safe to use with water-soluble lube!

Item #1946 Was \$29:05 NOW ONLY \$19.95! Save Guer-1056

3. Cyberskin Dream Cock . Feels so life-like you just might think it's the real thing! A "bend-o-flex" plastic spine helps this 8" long, 2" wide dong bend to a desired shape and stay there! Suction cup base holds it securely in place. Choose from black or white! Item #2500 Was \$49.05 NOW ONLY \$29.95! Save Guer 4071.

4. Jelly Fat Boy • This clear pink jelly dong measures a delicious 9 2" long from the base to the tip and is a full 2" wide.

ttem #9409 Was \$29.95 NOW ONLY \$16.95! Save Owen 469

5. Mr. Satisfier . Satisfy your deepest desire with 10 FULL inches of soft latex. Multi-speed twist base. Requires 2 AA batteries (sold separately) Item # 2869 Was \$21.45 NOW ONLY \$13.95. Comp. Bush-Bash

6. Wild Rider Vibrator • Take the ride of your life on this 9" long, 2" wide phallus Multi-speed twist base. Requires 2 AA batteries (sold separately). Item #3584 Was \$22.95 NOW ONLY \$15.95! CONSTRUCT

7. Mr. Thin . Thrill to 7" of probing sensuality with a steek 1 3/4" shaft. Soft, flesh like latex feels like the real thing! Multi-speed twist base. Requires 2 AA batteries (sold separately).

Hem #8850 Was \$22-95 NOW ONLY \$14 95! Save Gver 80%!

8. Cum & Get it Vibrator . This 5 1/2" long, 1 1/2" wide phallus has three prongs at the base for explosive orgasms! Multi-speed twist base. Requires 2 AA batteries (sold Separately).

Hem #3531 Was \$21:95 NOW ONLY \$9.95! Same Over 6016!

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(continued from page 46) she screamed, push-

"Shhh," I said. "You'll attract security." I held my dripping, poo-flecked cock in my hand.

"Don't you want to taste it?"

"No," she said with a pout as she moved toward my dick. Her lips swept the length of my bone, searching every mich for the flavor of ass

"More," the potty-mouthed hussy panted. I gave her what she wanted, slipping my meat wand between her shitter and kisser for a few more minutes before shooting a semen breath mint down her gullet for dessert

Llove my job

—F. I.

Peoria, Illinois

Laid in Shade

I'm no environmentalist, but anybody who says that global warming isn't happening is full of shit. The heat has been unbearable lately. My apartment doesn't have central air, and I can't afford to run a wall unit day in, day out; so my girlfriend and I usually suffer through the summer months

Actually, "sufler" may not be entirely accurate; we strip down and rub ice cubes on each other's bodies to cool off, which often leads to searing summer screws.

I'd usually start off by sliding a popsicle into Jessie's cooch. The icy thrust of the frozen treat would send shivers up and down her spine. We'd each sample the flavor—a heady mix of sugar water and girl gunk. Jessie couldn't resist the taste of her own snatch; so she'd gobble the whole thing down, then turn her attention to my schlong

I loved to watch her go to work on my prick with cherry-stained lips like a little freak on a sugar rush. Between each deep-throat bob, she'd gasp for air, smiling. A string of candy-colored goo would stretch from my prick to her grin

By the time I slid my manhood into her honeypot, the blazing heat was far from my mind. My attention was tocused on the urgent stroke of my crotch-bone in and out of her silken wound. Jessie would arch her back, thrusting her cht against my crotch, and beg for me to come inside her. The release would be intense and refreshing, like jumping into a glacier-fed lake. The melding of my molten

jizz and her hot snatch somehow

Things have been different the past couple of years though. I don't claim to be a weather expert, but you know something's wrong when it's too damn hot to fuck

Last Saturday alternoon the sun was out in full force. Jessie was so fucking sweaty that I could barely stand to be next to her, but my brain was so fried and her pussy was so slick with perspiration that I couldn't resist

"Let's play," she said, edging toward me on the couch. Her bare thighs squeaked as they slid across the hot vinyl

"Okay," I said, eyeing the droplets of heat dew that arched above her lip like a water-based moustache.

I slid my hand under her sweatsoaked blouse and fondled her dewcovered melons. The jugs felt like two
water balloons filled with pipinghot coffee. Jessie's fingers crept across
my crotch and loosened my shorts
The air was like the cool breath of
heaven on my boiled wiener. Jessie
leaned in and wrapped her lips around
my joint

"Something smells," she hufted through a mouthful of meat. She sniffed my crotch, chest and armpits. "Whew! You've got some serious B.O."

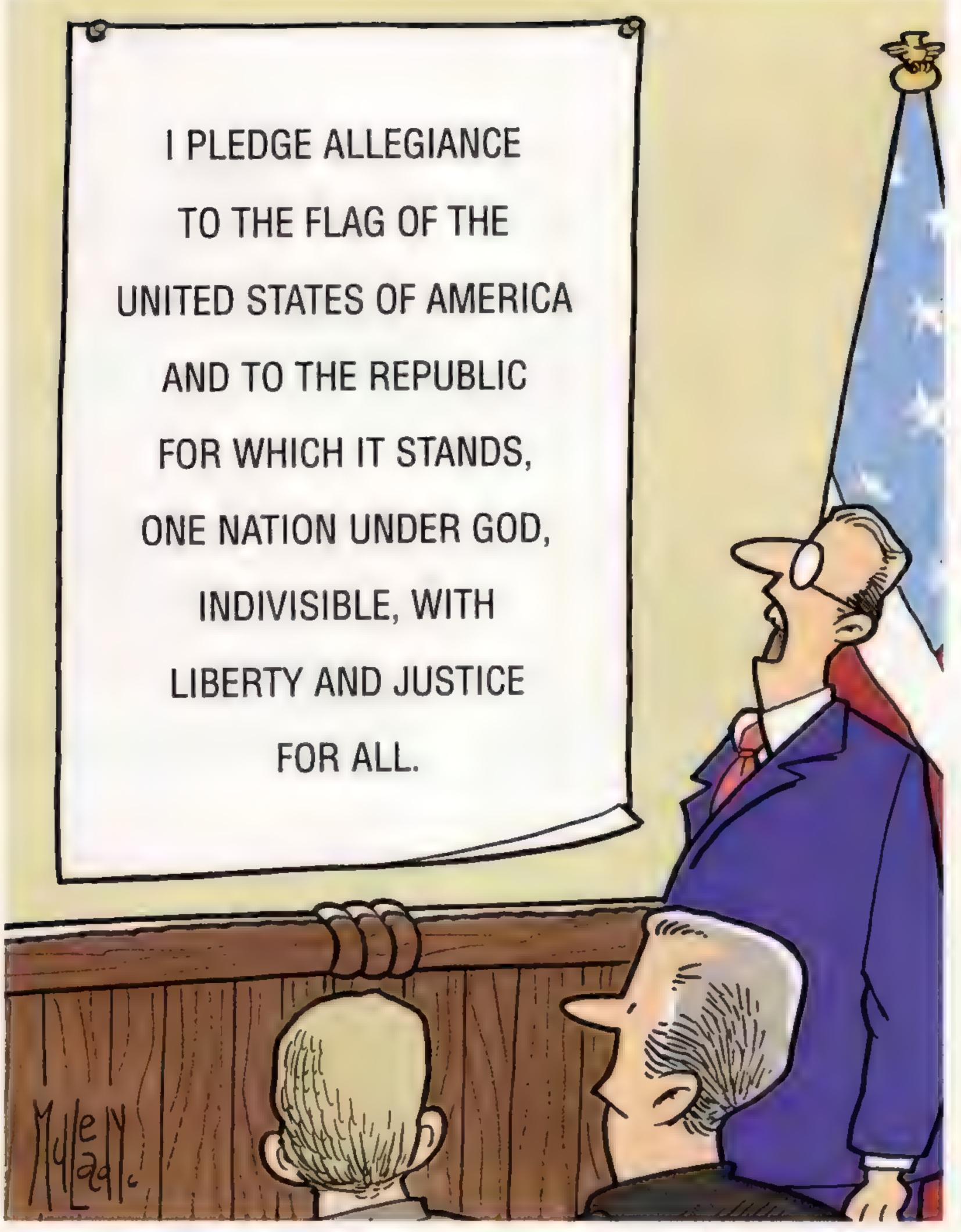
"You're not so fresh vourself," I retorted. Dark pit stains bloomed from her underarms, defeating her 99¢ store roll-on deodorant. "How about we move this little party to the shower?" I offered, peeling my clothes off and strutting toward the bathroom.

"Great idea," my lover said as she followed. "I knew I hooked up with you for a reason." The stinky sex kitten pulled her bra off over her head, then wiggled out of her damp panties.

We squeezed into the dank shower stall, careful not to bump against the mildewed walls. My girl pressed her body against mine; my stilly nuzzled into her stomach like a log sinking in quicksand. My balls dangled against her untrimmed bush.

"Let's try and cool off," she said Lukewarm water rained down on us as we made out. Her tiny tongue darted into my mouth. Her chest heaved against mine. The tepid shower water made my already humid bathroom even more steamy. Fog crept across the mirror, and droplets of condensation collected on the ceiling as the temperature.





"Instead of one nation we ter God. I say we delete red isoble on its Tho the fuck knows what that means?"



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in the tight quarters climbed.

"I can't believe this shit," Jessie balked. "I'm sweating in the fucking shower."

"Me too," I admitted. "I never thought I'd say this, but I think it's too hot to fuck."

"Let's go someplace cool," my girl said, "like a movie or something."

My cock bobbed angrily, threatening to send knots of blue agony to my balls, but I knew the waterlogged babe standing before me was right. The heat in my pad was intolerable. Fucking would only make things worse.

After a quick bus ride, we were at the local bargain cinema. I was immediately sorry that I left the air-conditioned bus when I learned that the movie was sold out.

"Looks like we're not the only ones with this idea," Jessie said, wiping sweat from her brow.

"You might try the new multiplex down the street," the theater manager said from behind his plexiglass window. There were eight different fans mounted in his claustrophobic box, blowing air at him from all directions, but he still looked like he was going to die of heat exhaustion. "They have 14 theaters and better AC than we do."

The cineplex was way across town, so we hopped onto a near-empty bus and snagged a couple of seats in the back row.

"It's gonna be a long haul," Jessie said as her hand crept under my waistband, "We might as well pass the time."

Her fingers danced across my manflesh, slowly awakening my lust. I quickly pulled her grasping paw out of my shorts.

"hasy there," I said, kneeling on the bus floor in front of her. "My balls are blue enough as it is. Now it's your turn."

I shoved my head under her skirt and pressed my face against her bare snatch. Her cunt smelled clean, like soap and baby powder, but as my tongue wormed between her wrinkled love lips, the heady smell of she-jizz began to fill my nostrils.

"I think the bus driver is watching." Jessie said between pre-orgasmic gasps.

"Fuck him," I snapped, sliding a finger into her cunt. My digit stabbed and stroked her G spot, working Jessie's cooze into a lather, prodding her to the brink of a full-fledged climax. Just then the bus driver announced our stop.

"Christ almighty!" Jessie muttered as I prematurely withdrew my finger from her gash.

"I'll finish you off after the movie," I smirked, leaping to exit the bus

"You'd better," Jessie said, whacking my ass with a playful slap.

We both donned dark glasses and stepped into the relentless midday sun. Behind us the bus hummed, leaped forward, then abruptly stopped.

"Y'all weren't planning on going to that new movie theater, were you?" the bus driver hollered toward us

"Yeah, we were," I said, "What's it to you?"

"Well." the driver said, "I just thought y'all ought to know that they charge \$14 a ticket."

"Fourteent" I gasped, "You can't be serious."

"I shit you not," the driver said, "and the snack bar will put you in debt."

"At this point, I don't give a fuck, baby. I just need to cool down," Jessie whined, clutching my hand and pulling herself close to me. She rubbed her pelvis against the back of my sweaty thigh like a dog casually humping a hassock.

The driver licked his swollen purple lips. His eyes danced up and

down Jessie's body.

"If y'all are just looking to beat the heat, you can just ride my bus all day. I'll put it out of service, so's you can do whatever you want."

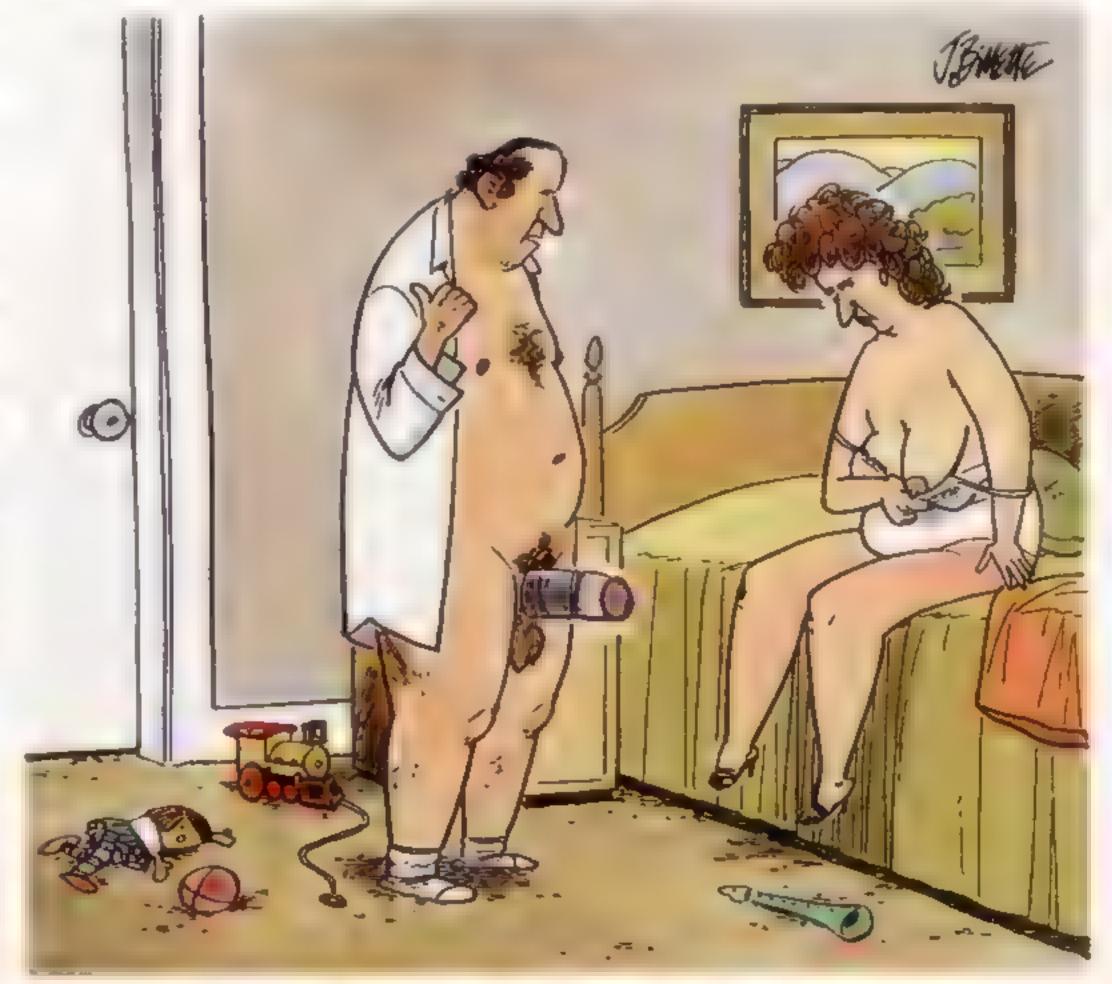
We took him up on his offer Jessie and I fucked in the back of the bus while the driver watched us bone from his rearview mirror. I'm not sure which felt better, the silky sensation of my girl-friend's turd-duct as it tightened around my cock, or the cool blast of air that blew against my ass as I pounded her senseless.

After a couple of trips across town, I couldn't hold my load any longer. Somewhere around the intersection of hifth and Main, I pulled out and spurted a white-hot load onto Jessie's back

Jessie wanted more; so I took the wheel and let the bus driver have a crack at her. He was older, but his huge, black snake filled Jessie just fine.

In the mirror I could see Jessie riding the driver's chocolate spear. She made eve contact with me as she galloped and frantically diddled her clit. After a few minutes Jessie's face froze and her body quivered with orgasmic pleasure.

I saw our apartment building up ahead and turned (continued on page 159)



"I forgot my cock ring; so I borrowed your kid's Slinky."

Male Strippers

The Ups and Downs of Dancing for Dames

by Paul Layden

Tation by Guy Buns

ther shaving one last patch of stubble off his balls, Gerard, a 24-year-old college student from Chico, California, cleans his ass with a baby wipe and greases his entire body with strawberry-scented lotion. Slipping into a leopard-print thong, Gerard eyes himself in his client's bathroom mirror; never in his life has he felt so queer.

This is Gerard's first assignment as a male exotic dancer. Just as he's considering escaping out the bathroom unidow, the rookie hestripper hears a group of women hooting and hollering in the living room. He takes a shot of Jim Beam to quell his nerves and heads out into the giddy females' midst

Gerard is surprised to find that all the shades are drawn, and a table is blocking the front door. The 12 barely legal cuties, who were timid when Gerard first arrived, are now wildly partying in the glow of several black lights. Half of the young ladies are stripped down to their panties and bras. The bachelorette's intoxicated mother—a heavyset brunette with massive tits—is spread-eagle on the floor, her skirt hiked up, a whipped-cream beard drawn between her legs.

"Don't just stand there," the mother cackles, making the tender sluts titter. "Eat me, you man-whore."

Gerard hesitantly drops down on all fours to lick the horny mom clean. Once between her thighs, the hired stud realizes that the elderly chaperone is not wearing panties. Thick, black hairs sprout from the lather, and her pungent odor assaults him through the sweet smell of the whipped cream

Gerard quakly devises a scheme to avoid the tuna casserole. "Let's play a different game," he says, snatching the can from the old bat. Leaning back on a chair, he squirts two piles of the sugary foam on either side of his backage

The cock-hungry mama grabs her daughter, a slim 19-year-old with ripe tits and tan legs, and they both dive at his shaft. The bride-to-be slurps up the whipped topping like a hungry dog, while her mother's tangua wanders south, probing Gerard's anus.

Within seconds, Gerard's rising tool flops out between the ladies' upturned faces

The eager duo battles to engulf his throbbing member. The mother is quicker on the draw and sticks the male dancer's cock head into her mouth. The daughter, willing to take the scraps, sucks feverishly on the base Gerard gazes around the room at the frenzy of nubile bush, utterly amazed at the perks of his newfound profession

Half an hour later, four girls none of whom would have given him the time of day on the street—have sucked him dry. Gerard drives home \$200 richer and two loads lighter, feeling like the lord of all creation

Such situations occur more often than fiances, husbands and boyfriends would care to imagine. According to a 21-year-old exout dancer from Boise, Idaho, who goes by the stage name 'Rico,' if your woman claims that a bachelorette party or birthday bash where a male stripper performed was perfectly innocent, she's probably lying

"A funny thing happens to women at these parties," says Rico. "I don't care how shy they've always been, or how prudish; when I strip, they go crazy. I've had a girl from a Catholic college let me dip my nuts into her mouth. I can't explain why it happens, and I don't care. When a group of women are fighting over your cock, you don't ask questions."

Sara Chapman, a marriageand-family counselor in Sacramento, California, understands the frenzy that can occur at a bachelorette party, though she claims to have never attended one herself. "Even in today's society, women are often seen as objects by men," says Chapman 'Having a good-looking man come to their home and take his clothes off lets them reverse the roles. He becomes an object through which they can play out the lantasies they've had for years, or fantasies they never knew they had They let all their inhibitions go, and do things with him that they never would do in a serious relationship Unfortunately, this often leads to regrets, especially when drinking is involved."

fom Drew, a 28-year-old former stripper from San Diego, California, never felt guilty about bedding a woman at one of his shows. "It's not like I forced it down their throat or nothing," says





"With flow piltered from the kitchen, water from the toilet and some shredded stock documents...a papier-mache companion"

Iom, "When I was just starting out, this fine little honey comes into the back room where I'm changing and starts gobbling my knob. Her whole damn lamily was out in the other room, but I thought it was a once-in-a-lifetime chance. Then the next week, I'm banging two chicks in a shower with my partner, Tre. I was like, 'Holy fuck, this shit's for real."

"It's like they're mini-celebrities," says Jennifer Backlund, a 29-year-old boy-toy junkie from Colusa, California "I hired a stripper with a few of my friends when I turned 18, and I swear it was like we were at a Jon Bon Joyi concert or something. When I turned 24, I started using [dancers] for sex. I had a boyfriend who was a real dick, and every time he pissed me off, my sister and I lired a stripper and had a little fun,"

Male dancers not only score plenty of pussy, but stacks of cash as well Rocky, a 29-year-old Brazilian who stakes his eight-inch crowd-pleaser for money, claims he averages \$100 an hour. "If I know the girls are whores, I won't even show them my cock," says Rocky 'At least once a month, a group of sluts will offer me money to bang the bride. I'll tell them, 'I can't do that,' until it's up to, like, 500 bucks. I don't

care if they're fat, hairy or only have one tooth. For 500 bucks, I'll stick my dick into a pig's ass."

Being a male stripper has its downsides, the most dangerous being the
wrath of jealous boyfriends. "My buddy
Steve and I just got through doing this
party for a bunch of rank-ass Mexican
bitches," recalls Rocky. "Steve went
down on a couple of them, but I didn't
even touch them. As we were leaving, all
these little gang-banging dudes show
up, flashing gang signs. I was trying to
back down the driveway, and Steve
starts mouthing off to them. A bold little
bastard runs up to the passenger's side
and clocks Steve in the jaw."

Along with suffering the occasional ass-kicking, male dancers sometimes have to answer to their bosses for their induscretions. Dave Miller, peddler of the infamous Northern Caldornia Boy Toys, has had numerous problems with his employees, who he either reprimands or fires, depending on the severity of the offense. "At first, I didn't give a shit how many women they nailed at their shows, but then my company started growing and, all of a sudden. I've got shit at stake. Mothers are calling me, telling me so-and-so had sex with their underage daughter. I had husbands

calling me, and broads telling me that they were raped. It got so bad, I started sending security guys out with the dancers, but then I got calls saving that the security guys were nailing the broads as well!"

Miller says that being a professional wand-wielder is actually fairly difficult work. "Believe it or not, [the guys] actually get burnt out. They have to go to the gym daily. They also have to shave their legs, tan, use beauty supplies and get new outfits, It's kind of sick—after a few months working for me, these guys are traipsing around like broads, going into stores, looking for the cutest panties."

Exploring their feminine sides is nothing unusual for v-chromosome peelers. More than a few male entertainers have been inclined to peek over the fence. "Where I live, college girls never hire dancers It's all old women who weigh 200 pounds," says Sergio, a 32-year-old stripper from Phoenix, Arizona. "I got tired of fat women always biting my dick and trying to rip off my balls; so I started working gay shows. I'm not gay; guys just show you a lot more respect, and they tip better One guy paid me \$1,000 just to go out to eat with him after the show."

A man who whips out his cock for a living can find that his occupation adversely affects his relationships. Fred. a sausage vendor from Denver, Colorado, lost two girlfriends due to his career. "I finally met this babe who said she was okay with it," says Fred, "We went out for a few months, and then she started in on me, trying to get me to quit. A few weeks after all that went down, her sister was about to get married, and they were going to hire a stripper from a different company. There was no way I was going to let her go. Babes have no control when they're with their girlfriends and a dick is dangling in front of them. Two nights before the party, I cooked her dinner and put some spoiled sausage into her food. She got really sick and not only missed the show. but also a week of work."

Many male dancers see themselves as continuing a time-honored tradition "We're the last gigolos," claims Rocky. "Back in the '70s, you had bitches paying for dick, but they don't do that anymore—it isn't politically correct. Now they disguise it and hire us."





"Whereas you have been found guilty of stealing millions from your employees and investors, the court sentences you to promise to try not to do anything like that again "



















High-speed computers routinely defeat the world's greatest chess masters, but can a pocket twat outperform a flesh-and-blood porn star? A horny reporter screws XXX actress Jewel De'Nyle and a mold of her vagina to find out.

compare and contrast, through sexual intercourse, the vagina of an adult-movie actress and a pocket pussy created from a mold of her twat. Accepting the mission is a total no-brainer. Doesn't every red-blooded American male dream of banging the mot out of some feisty porm diva while she's being photographed for HUSTLER Magazine?

I foresee only two dilemmas. The first is deciding which of the dozens of qualified blue-screen beauties I will approach to assist in such an important experiment. Secondly, I must actually find one who is so amenable and downright slutty that she is willing to let my amateur cock enter her for the sole purpose of companing her can to a chunk of rubbers.

This is no piece-of-cake job. The sheer

legwork alone in meeting and explaining the concept to prospective subjects is creating a huge dent in my already busy schedule, not to mention my fragile ego. But I am persistent. I drag my weary body from one porn event to the next, scouring each occasion for that special XXX performer who's not only popular enough to merit a replica of her pussy for mass consumption, but knows the value of good publicity.

My first victim is the gorgeous former Vivial girl Kobe Tah who I gle fully former one night after her appearance on Tera Patrick's Web-broadcast talk show. I approach the fat-mammed, Asian smut siren with the utmost determination. "Kobe," I say, pouncing on her like a pit bull to a trachea, "my name is Scott Fayner, I work for HUSTLER Magazine,

you...... a proposition for

Fearful that I'll seem like just another pathetic point for the freek trying to imagle my tonely willy more her famous pants. I do my damnedest to explain the idea without sounding too eager. I present myself as a reluctant journalist who has had this assignment pushed on him against his will. "I'm just following the orders of my boss, Larry Flynt," I say. "C'mon, Kobe, You don't want me to get fired, do you?"

Wicked-Pictures contract girl Devinn Lane. The sophisticated-looking porn actress reminds me that she doesn't do gays on film. But this will be a photorial layout. I quibble, only to have my she



attempt at trickery prove unsuccessful

One night, over far too many cocktails, gang-bang and plastic-surgery queen Houston agrees to be my lab rai-1 even call California Exotic Novelties and have them rush over every one of their Houston products: the Houston Uncut Futurouc Vibrating Sucking Vagina and Anus, the Houston Oral Satisfier and a lite-size Houston blow-up doll. Everything is looking dandy until the ever-daring Houston demands to be on the cover of HUSTLER to compensate her for her troubles. I can't promise her that. Hell, I can't even promise she'll feel my dick when she finally allows me to stick it into her obso-gaping cunt. At this juncture, I reluctantly deem the Houston endeavor hopeless and once again set out in search of the perfect prey

Enter Jewel De'Nyle

Not only is Jewel De'Nyle an AVNaward-winning sex performer, but she is more than willing to play the guinea pig for this groundbreaking experiment. The brown-haired porn goddess, with a nice, tan body, perfect boob job and big, beautiful eves, doesn't even seem to mind when I point out that I can't pay her for the use of her much-sought-after cooze. I know then and there that she is the one for my story. Beautiful Sexy. Trashy Dirty Generous She is everything 1 am looking for in a moman I even convince fellow Las Vegas Novelties contract girl and noted cockhound acklyn Lick to be

a flufler for this historic

event. Ever since

the FDA approved

Viagra, fluffing has become a dying profession, but now, in addition to the evererotic Jewel De'Nyle fucking me, another hot brunette is going to suck my cock to ensure that it remains erect. Things are finally going my way. I begin counting down the days

"If you ever get to fuck Jewel, you leave to get in lier 355. It's the best I've ever had, and I fuck girls' asses for a living. 35

Las Vegas Novelties-the sex-tov company that manufactures Jewel's mold-promptly sends me a giant box of goodies to utilize during the shoot three Jewel De'Nyle pocket pussies, an artificial vagina based on company owner Serenity's labes, various dildos and butt-jammers, a mold of Serenity's feet and a device that appears to be a cock ring attached to a watch-batterypowered clit-tickler.

Although I expected to be scared shirless as the experiment loomed closer, when I wake up on the fateful day, a mere hour before call-time. I feel confident in what I'm hopefully about to accomplish, I know my boss is counting on me to do this right, and I don't want to disappoint him. A quick shower, followed by a dull razor to my balls, and I'm out the door

I arrive at the photo studio just after 10 a.m. and head straight for the set; the pump's paradise is complete with retro lamps, funky velvet tiger pictures and a mismatched group of animal-print pillows. I find my clothes: a brown suit. green platform boots embroidered with yellow lightning bolts, a horrendous yellow shirt, numerous gold chains, including one that sports a Cadillac medallion, and a giant pimp hat. Before I can slip into my costume and assume the part. I'm interrupted by a phone call

Unfortunately, my cager fluffer Jacklyn Lick, is calling to inform me that she had a tanning-bed accident vester day. After using a new tan-enhancing product, she found herself covered with a rash. Lick asks if we will be able to continue without her oral services. When I turn around and see my lovely Jewel only 15 minutes late and ready to luck walking down the hall toward me, I know the answer is a hearty ves-

As Jewel sits in the makeup chair being dolled up, I grow a tad anxious. The planfor the photo-shoot is still pretty loose, so I'm not exactly sure what's going to transpire. All I know is that I want the photos (at least the ones of me) to be soft-core I'm not up for having my dick and balls plastered across the pages of America's Magazine for my family and friends to flip through at reumons and parties. I already catch enough flak from them for working in the smut business.

My desire to hide my sorry genitals is quickly vetoed. The photographic documentation of this cutting-edge consumer report must be done correctly. I'm informed, and since my dick is the ultimate judge in this warped contest, there is no solution other than dropping my drawers and presenting my package for the whole world to inhale, I guess I can forget about ever running for public office, I think as I cham-smoke Marlboros in the hot, San Fernando Valley sun. waiting for Jewel to slap on some make up so we can get this party started

Jewel and I sit on the pimp bed while the photographer snaps some Polaroids She's wearing a green, see-through teddy, and my hands continuously and uncontrollably find themselves groping at her fine ass. Grabbing Jewel's firm. ripe butt cheeks reminds me that one of the ideas was for me to also fuck Jewel in





the pooper. She is an anal queen, after all, and a guy such as myself only lands one shot at a backside of Jewel De'Nyle's cabber. Just days ago male poin performer Joel Lawrence told me, "If you ever get to fuck Jewel, you have to get in her ass. It's the best I've ever had, and I fuck girls' asses for a living "

Since Jewel's vaginal likeness doesn't come equipped with a butthole, we devised a plan back at the office; we'll cut off the pocket passy's dick sleeve, and I'll fuck the hole from behind, pretending it's her anus. That way, we figured I'll have an excuse to fuck Jewel's award-winning shit batch

I infortunately, Jewel is having no part of the ass-fucking. She's blining a movie tomorrow, and anal sex two days in a row is a big no-no in her book. Fither that, or she just doesn't want my cock up her buit. I feel a little better when she promises me that, as a follow-up to this story, I can tap her ass in a few months, once her backside mold is released to the public.

We spend the first few hours posing for possible opening photographs. In one picture, I'm standing, holding the pocket pussy in one hand as the real lewel tempts me from the other side by sliding her fingers down my pants. I'm supposed to be torn between which lewel pussy I want to dip my cock into first, as if there's any doubt in anyone's mind which spot I'm initially hoping to invade

In the original plan, I was going to fuck the pocket pussy first. My supervisor reasoned that the first orgasm would come more quickly; so why waste it on Jewel? He suggested that I make her really work for the second out. But Jewel can't wait; she's either extremely horny, or just wants to get the deed over with

In fact, Jewel is becoming a bit peeved. It's already past one o'clock, and we haven't begun fornicating. I keep promising her that the overly generous sex I plan on throwing her way is imminent, but I'm becoming nervous that she might have a hissy fit and walk out.

Just as we finish the opening shots, and before I know what lit me, Jewel

Before I know
what hit me, Jewel
has my cock in
her mouth,
frantically slurping
away like the
consummate champion
I expected
her to be.



has my cock in her mouth, frantically sturping away like the consummate champion I expected her to be. As she professionally smokes my pole to maximum hardness, taking time to soak my schlong with her salutary saliva, I glance around the room and take a head count; the photographer, two HUSTLER editors, a lighting guy, a makeup artist, the prop master and various other folk who work at the studio-people I see on either a daily basis or at least once a month-are watching me as my pecker occupies a porn star's mouth. Just as I'm wondering how an innocent Jewish boy from a good family found himself at this exact point in his life, Jewel raises herself and slides down on my phallus

As soon as my cock enters the insides of Jewel's soft vagina, I make up my mind regarding the test. There can be no comparison. Being inside Jewel's honeypot is like slipping on toasty socks on a cold morning. Tight and snug, Jewel's well-used vagina hugs my shalt as if I am the first man to ever be inside her. Folding over my willing pole, her delicate lips have the grace of an eagle's wings. Up and down she goes. When her warm juices coat my shalt, I have all but forgotten that anyone other than me and this foxy trollop are in the studio.

I'm in an altered state of conscious ness; in the back of my mind, I'm aware of everything and everyone around me and that, for the next couple of hours, I will be making a complete ass of myself for the sake of Larry Flynt's praise. At the same time, I'm far too lost in the massive enjoyment to acknowledge any thing other than the slow boil that's building in my nut sac

We segue to doggy-style, then the missionary position and back again to a blowjob. The photographer stops frequently to change cameras and film of adjust the lights, but Jewel and I pay no mind and continue balling. At one point, we cut off the sleeve section of one of our molds, and I slide my dick through the faux Jewel's opening and into the real starlet's waiting mouth

The porn star gladly tastes her own pussy juice from my cock. Next, I am blindfolded, and I must determine which pussy is which by sticking a finger in each hole, Jewel's cooze is warm and soft, a delight to my finger. The phony cunt is room temperature and rubbery, but I've felt worse vaginas—real and fake—in my time. "I'm stumped," I joke

"A taste test is in order," someone suggests; so I pull my fingers from the vaginas and shp them both into my mouth Again, there's no comparison. One tastes like a fine wine, aged to perfection; the other, a lubed-up slab of plastic Io accurately complete the taste test. I directly taste each pussy. I lick the pocket-size effigy, then Jewel's cunt. Once again, Jewel is the hands-down winner

According to the scientific method for an experiment to be valid, it must be repeatable. So I slide my cock back into Jewel's steaming box, informing her that, since I didn't completely grasp the feeling of her pussy during the past hour and a half of fucking, I regretfully must again perform the grueling chore Jewel caters to the needs of my research project by grinding against me in a feverish manner, all the while whispering things like, "Right there!" and "Don't stop!" which brings me closer to flooding her gates with my molten spunk

Just as in every porn shoot, a popshot is needed to bring the scene to a close. A debate ensues over whether or not I should come inside Jewel. An editor argues that, since I will be later ejaculating inside the pocket pussy, shooting my jism into Jewel's box would be more scientifically sound. The photographer is adamant that, for artistic considerations, I must squirt my cock juice all over Jewel's face and fits

Aesthetics win over science, and Jewel drops to her well-worn knees, preparing herself for my man jam. I stand above her, naked except for the green platform boots, which have been cutting deep into my feet. My knees begin to buckle. Sweat drips from my forehead My balls are madly trembling, ready to explode. Then they stop

stage hight? Maybe Whatever the reason, I resolve the problem by retreating behind a giant light to whack off in private [ewel shdes down next to me and asks if she can be of any assistance (I'd like to see the pussy mold do that!) Back on my swollen dick she goes, hufting and puffing as I spread her cheeks and pound her weary sht from below the countdown begins

bive minutes later, I'm again standing over this sexy bitch, pumping spunk from my tired soldier toward her open mouth. The photographer instructs me to stand still as he snaps pictures of fewel making cum bubbles with her semen-soaked lips and polishing my knob clean. I'm still shaking at the knees, slowly coming down from the best fuck of my life, while holding on to a makeshift



In Praise of the Pocket Pussy



While our experiment found that sex with a flesh-and-blood female feels better than boinking a rubber hole, an artificial vagina does have certain advantages over a real woman.

You don't have to buy a pocket pussy dinner before you fuck it. Duh.

A sham clam won't taste like another man's cum (unless your friend—diseased or not—screwed it).

THE RESERVE AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY.

You can hack up a pseudopoontang and toss it into a Dumpster without running afoul of the law.

A faux cunt can't be impregnated

the buy an extra plane ticket

A phony honeypot will never become obese, or incessantly ask you if you think its ass is fat.

A substitute slice never smells like fermenting yeast

rak timenstruat

A plastic hole won't cheat on you.

You don't have to slip a bogus snatch a roofie before you screw it.

You won't catch pubic hair in your teeth while performing cunnilingus

A service of the serv

Latex poon doesn't nag.



(so named because her signature is embedded on the side of the sleeve in which the user slides his cock). I study the apparatus. A perfect visual match to the real thing, right down to the left lip that's slightly larger than the right one and the tiny indentations just below the hole.

A pocket pussy is a strange device. I have used one before, quietly sitting on my bed with the silly contraption covering my cock. I felt like a fucking queer but, once I was able to go beyond the initial shock of straying from hand-to-

equipped with "pleasure nubs" on the inside, which, according to the box provide the "ultimate penetration sensation"

I lube up my exhausted cock and shift it into the pocket pussy's opening. The pleasure nubs are certainly the product's highlight. When the sleeve is squeezed after stroking commences, the nubs approximate the feel of the inner walls of an actual vagina with surprising fidelity. The nubs are far superior to the vibrating feature that I experienced during my first pocket-pussy adventure. Except oblighted texased note that the reaction that is set that the served with a reaction and the served with a reaction and the served with a reaction to the served with a served wit a served with a served with a served with a served with a serve

trained fingers to selectively manipulate the nubs for desired effect. I heartily recommend pushing on the nubs closest to your dick's head just before the explosion is imminent. The sensation is akin to feeling a chick's pussy muscles clenching down in a state of violent orgasm.

After a good night's sleep, I'm ready

Jewel's Coore is Walim and soft, a delight to my finger. The phony cunt is room temperature and rubbery.

to collect my mental and physical data to make my conclusion. As anyone who has ever touched, licked or penetrated an actual vagina will agree, the pussy is the most tempting and downright pleasurable creation that exists on this green earth.

With this fact in mind, I decide that judging the two contestants as equal challengers is unfair. The test cannot be done without prejudice. It would never hold up in any court. Fucking Jewel De'Nyle's living pussy was one of the best experiences of my life; screwing her take twat ranks as something I might do between walking my dog and taking a nap.

So what have I concluded? Jewel De'Nyle is a funny, sexy babe with an addictive crotch and a pussy mold worthy of her famous name. Ever since I probed the insides of her sweet slice, I've been hoping my dick will be invited back. Chances are it won't. Hopefully Jewel is serious about allowing me to compare her real anus to her imitationass product when it's ready. The novelty company is also considering making a sex toy based on Jewel's mouth. As long as De'Nyle has orifices to replicate, I'll have a cock ready and willing to take them for a test-drive. Maybe I can turn this article into a monthly column.

But even if I never fuck Jewel again, that's okay. I've been to the top of the highest mountain, and instead of returning with frostbite, I've been rewarded with a glorious memory and a rubber memento to wrap tightly around my dick and shoot my seed into. I wouldn't trade it for the world.

Unsafe at Orgasmic Speed

CHATTING WITH THE RALPH NADER OF VIBRATORS

Michael C. Ross is a consumer advocate who claims to have had more than 500 bills, resolutions and amendments signed into law that help everyone from car buyers to phone customers. Ross is currently applying his lobbying expertise to adult-entertainment products, which he believes are mislabeled, cause infections and can even kill.

HUSTLER: Does the American public need a consumer advocate for dildos and pocket pussies?

ROSS: The one industry that is not really regulated is the novelty-product industry. What happens if one blows up in your hand? Or a woman goes into the bathtub, using one of those waterproof vibrators, and the thing

shorts out and she gets burned? I've even gotten quotes from women who use the metallic vibrators that tell me that the pussy juice corrodes the metal and puts off a bad smell.

HUSTLER: But are vibrators really dangerous?

Nobody's done any testing. I believe the government needs to change the level of what these things are [classified as] from being a novelty to a full-fledged product. The thing that's holding them back is that most of these guys come into the business, they get Juli Ashton, they make a mold of her pussy, and they sell 50,000 of them, and [the manufacturers] disappear. As Mike Ross, the consumer, I want a warranty that means something. I want a company that I can return something to if there is a problem, and I want to make sure that the fucking product is safe. Nobody is making sure they are safe. These things are made in China. The factories in China have asbestos in them. You breathe that in, and you get a lung disease. There's no regulation.

HUSTLER: Wouldn't that be true of any product made in China?

This is a sex toy that goes inside you. When the Clinton Administration was in office, I pushed very hard for most-favorable-nation status [for China] for one reason—consumer protection. If they were a second-class nation, we as a consuming society would never be able to tell them, "Hey, you said the vibrator's seven inches, but it's only 6 . Do something about it." We brought that to the attention of one of the companies. We actually measured the vibrators, and they didn't even know it because everything was being packaged in China. They had a "seven-inch" vibrator that was 6'4 inches. Think about it; if you're saving a quarter of an inch every single time, and you're producing 100,000 of these things, are you making money off of that? Damn right you are.

HUSTLER: How did you become involved in sex-product consumer protection?

I went out to dinner with a couple of dancers, and one of them said, "You know, my pussy has this infection. I got it from this gel " It turned out that all five of the women sitting at the table had the same problem. I said, "What would happen if we started testing lubricants?" We came up with adult-consumer reports on products. It was just a natural extension of my political-lobbying practice. There is no Ralph Nader in this industry, and I was looking at becoming the Ralph Nader of vibrators.

HUSTLER: Just as long as you don't throw any Presidential elections. Have you had any success? The first year we did this, we tested 25 vibrators, and there were seven with warranties. The next year, we tested 35 vibrators, and 29 had warranty cards inside of them. The warranties still mean nothing but, in one year, we were able to get those things inserted into the packets. That is a major victory. It shows how much these companies fear regulation.

HUSTLER: What should consumers do? Should they write their Congressmen?

They need to make educated purchases. They need to let companies know when there's a problem with a product. They need to contact a person like me. If someone sends a letter to their Congressman and says, "Hey, I bought a vibrator, and it doesn't work," [the letter) hits the trash. But I collect the information, and I go to a legislator, and I say, "Here's a problem." I show them the letters. That way, it's not just one loony sending in the thing. HUSTLER: What about pocket pussies?

They're usually enclosed at one end; so you have a germ factory just crawling right there. The products don't come with the instructions on how to clean them. How do you make sure that every inch is washed and clean? They're not dishwasher-safe. Eventually there's going to be some kind of bacteria buildup in it, and technically that can get inside you. Have we seen results of this? No. Have we seen any studies? No. It's just one of those things that I wouldn't feel safe using at all. If we were to take the stigma off these things and make them real products, we would be able to legitimize them and make sure that everything is done the way it is supposed to.





















After his latest defeat, Mike Tyson was in bed with a gul, lamenting.

"My life's a disaster," the bruiser wailed. "I was born to an underprivileged family and had a rough child-hood, I was thrown in jul for rape. My wife left me for beating her up. I've lost world title fights. I've disgraced myself and my sport. The commission wants to ban me for life, and Don King stole all my money. Nothing could make my life any worse."

"Want me to say something that'll cheer you up?" the girl offered.

"Sure," the former champ sighed

"You're a much better lover than Magic Johnson," she cooed

Question: What do you call a lesbian with long finger-

Answer: Single.

In a bar, one car dealer complained to the other, "Boy, business sucks. If I don't sell more cars this month, I'm going to lose my fucking ass."

Too late, he noticed a beautiful woman sitting two stools away. Immediately, he apologized for his bad language

"That's okay," the beauty replied. "If I don't sell more asythis month, I'm going to lose my fucking car."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines lesbran threeway as: ménage à twats.

Bob and Pete were hanging out at a sports bar when Pete asked Bob if he knew anything about wrestling. Bob told him a thing or two, then walked up behind Pete and put his right arm through Pete's right armpit and his hand on Pete's neck.

"What's this called?" Bob asked

"That's a half-nelson," Pete said

"Very good, Petey.' Bob replied. "Now, what's this?"

He did the same exact thing to Pete's left arm, leaving him with both hands over his head while standing behind him.

"That's a full-nelson," Pete said

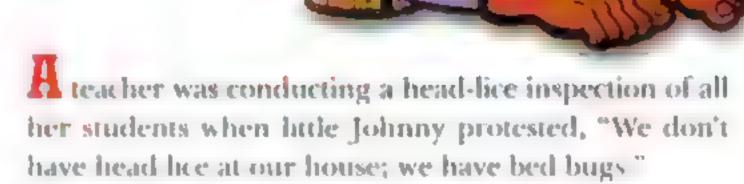
"Right!" Bob replied.

Bob bent Pete over and ground his hips into his ass.

"What's this?" Bob said

"I don't know," Pete admitted

Bob shouted, "It's a Eather Nelson"



"And how do you know that?" the schoolmarm inquired.

"Last night I heard Daddy say to Mommy, 'So, are you going to catch it or let it run all over the sheets again." Johnny explained.

Question: What do you get when you turn a dumb blonde upside down?

Answer: A brunette with really bad breath.

A hillbilly was applying for a job with the federal government. As he filled out his application he came to a question that read, "Do you favor the overthrow of the United States Government by force, subversion or violence."

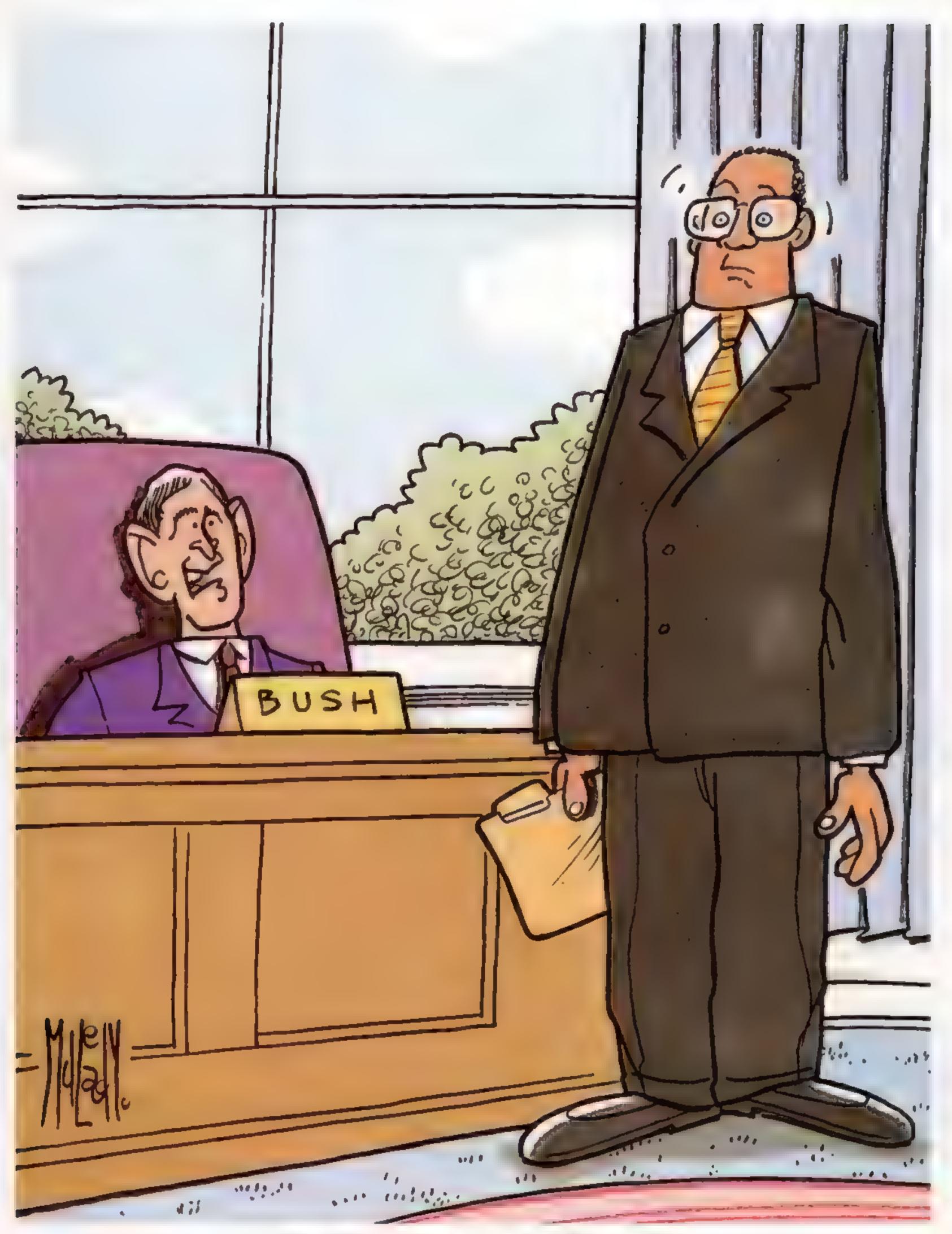
After thinking for a moment, he circled violence and continued with the application.

A farmer had a bull and a cow that he couldn't get to mate. So, the farmer went to a friend who once had the same problem, and he asked him what to do. The briend told him to stick his arm up the cow's vagina, then rub it on the bull's nose.

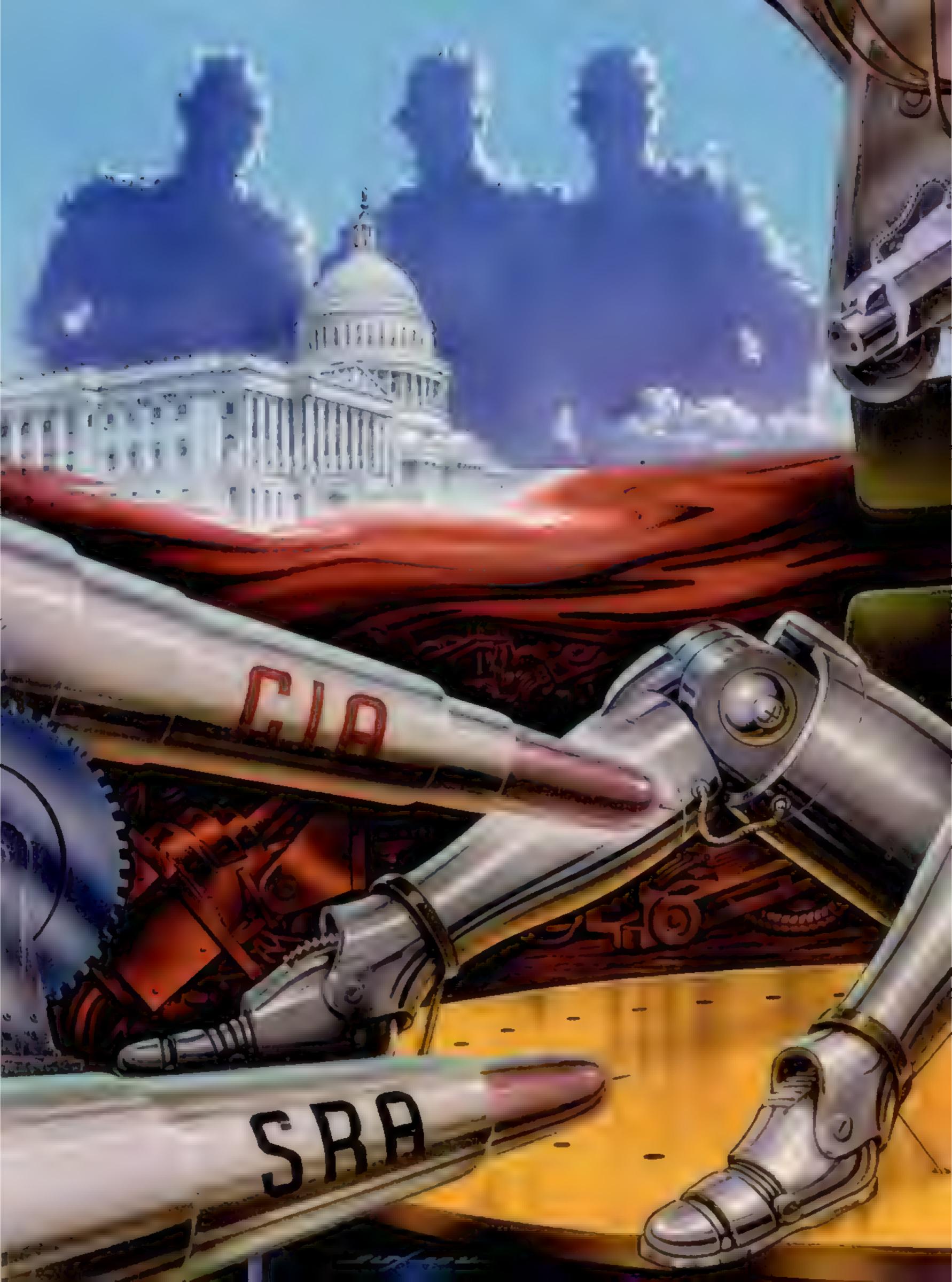
The larmer tried the technique, and the bull began humping the cow like crazy. After such a success, the farmer wondered if the trick would work for him as well. That night, he climbed in bed with his wife. As she snored, he stuck his fingers into her moist snatch, rubbed his nose with his hand and popped the biggest boner he had ever had. He turned on the light, roused his wife and said, "Oh, my God, look honey!"

The farmer's spouse glowered at him sleepily and grumbled, "So you got a bloody nose, big deal."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. It you've heard a gut buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wishire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustleneitp.com. It your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry — we cannot return submissions.



"Colin I believe in calling a spade a spade, You're a spade"





The Stepford Whores

DISCLAIMER: L.F.P., Inc., Larry Flynt, HUSTLER Magazine and the author of this article do not in any way endorse or subscribe to the truth or accuracy of any of the statements asserted by, or claims made against, any of the persons or entities mentioned in the following article; we are merely reporting about what has already been asserted by the persons making the statements.

"It's hideous. It looks like there is a face that actually comes out," says self-described former mind-controlled sex slave Cathy O'Brien of the "witch's face" that her handlers allegedly carved into her vagina to pleasure the world's rich and powerful. O'Brien claims that her deformed vulva visually stimulated her perverted upper-crust sex partners. "It also has some physical aspect that can give men pleasure in a little bit different way," in a manner similar to that of a ribbed condom.

O'Brien is just one of dozens of people who claim that the CIA forced them to be human sex toys for an elite group of high-ranking politicians and celebrities through a mind-control program called Project Monarch. O'Brien details her sordid story in her 1995 book. Irance Formation of America, billed as "the first documented autobiography of a victim of government mind control."

In her tome, O'Brien claims that her mutilated pussy drove Hillary Clinton into a fit of ecstasy. "Apparently aroused by the carving in my vagina," writes O'Brien, "Hillary stood up and quickly peeled out of her matronly nylon

O'Brien claims that she was prostituted to high-ranking individuals, including Gerald Ford, who she alleges forced her to wave a small American Hag

panties and pantyhose. Uninhibited, despite a long day in the hot sun, she gasped, 'Eat me, oh, God, eat me now.'"

with her

O'Brien is not the only woman to write a memoir in which she claims to be a victim of Project Monarch. Brice Taylor's Thanks for the Memones and Annie McKenna's Paperchip Dolls also recount "recovered" memories of CIA

mind-control abuse. (A CIA spokesman declined to comment on Project Monarch or even confirm or deny its existence.)

Dr. Uri Peles, a psychiatrist and director of the Beverly Hills Center for Sexual Medicine, believes that women who claim to be mind-controlled sex slaves suffer from paranoid delusions. "They need psychiatric treatment, primarily medication—antipsychotic medication," says Peles. "You can have a paranoid man or woman who functions perfectly well in the world, but is paranoid about one or two ideas.

"Power and money are aphrodisiaes, so if [the self-professed sex slaves] can associate themselves in fantasy with Bush or Clinton or whoever, they may want to do that because they are attracted by power and money."

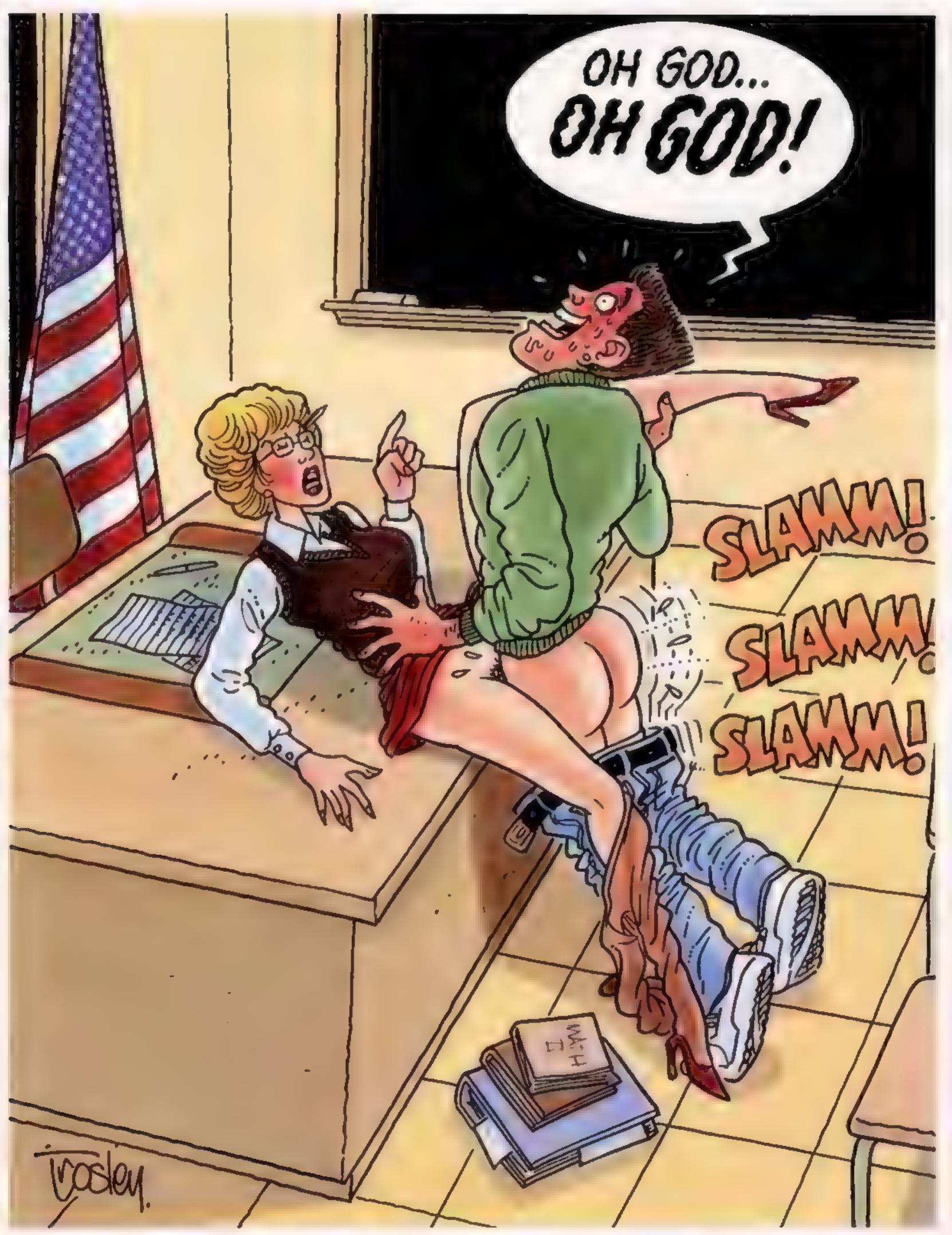
Even so, both O'Brien and Taylor claim to have been born into "multigenerational incest" families. According to O'Brien, her pedophile father sexually trained her and pimped her out to child-porn producers. "I was sexually abused as far back as I can remember," says the 45-year-old O'Brien, "I remember my father saying that he had abused me since infancy, substituting his penis for my mother's nipple." O'Brien claims her father was caught but, instead of going to prison, he was visited by future President Gerald Ford, who offered him a deal: If he sold his daughter into Project Monarch, he would receive immunity from prosecution.

O'Brien believes Project Monarch specifically seeks out sexually abused children because they are the best candidates for mind control. She claims that, after her father attended a two-week course at an Ivy League university on how to properly raise a Project Monarch sex slave, she was prostituted to a long list of high-ranking individuals, including Gerald Ford, who she alleges forced her to engage in perversions ranging from having sex with dogs to waving a small American flag with her rectum.

O'Brien says that, after she graduated from a sex-slave training camp called "Charm School," she became a "Presidential Model," used to satisfy the sadistic sexual needs of executive-level members of government. The Who's Who list of johns O'Brien supposedly serviced includes Dick Cheney, who allegedly nearly choked her to death a number of times with his enormous penis, and George Bush Sr., who O'Brien further accuses of violently (continued on page 102)

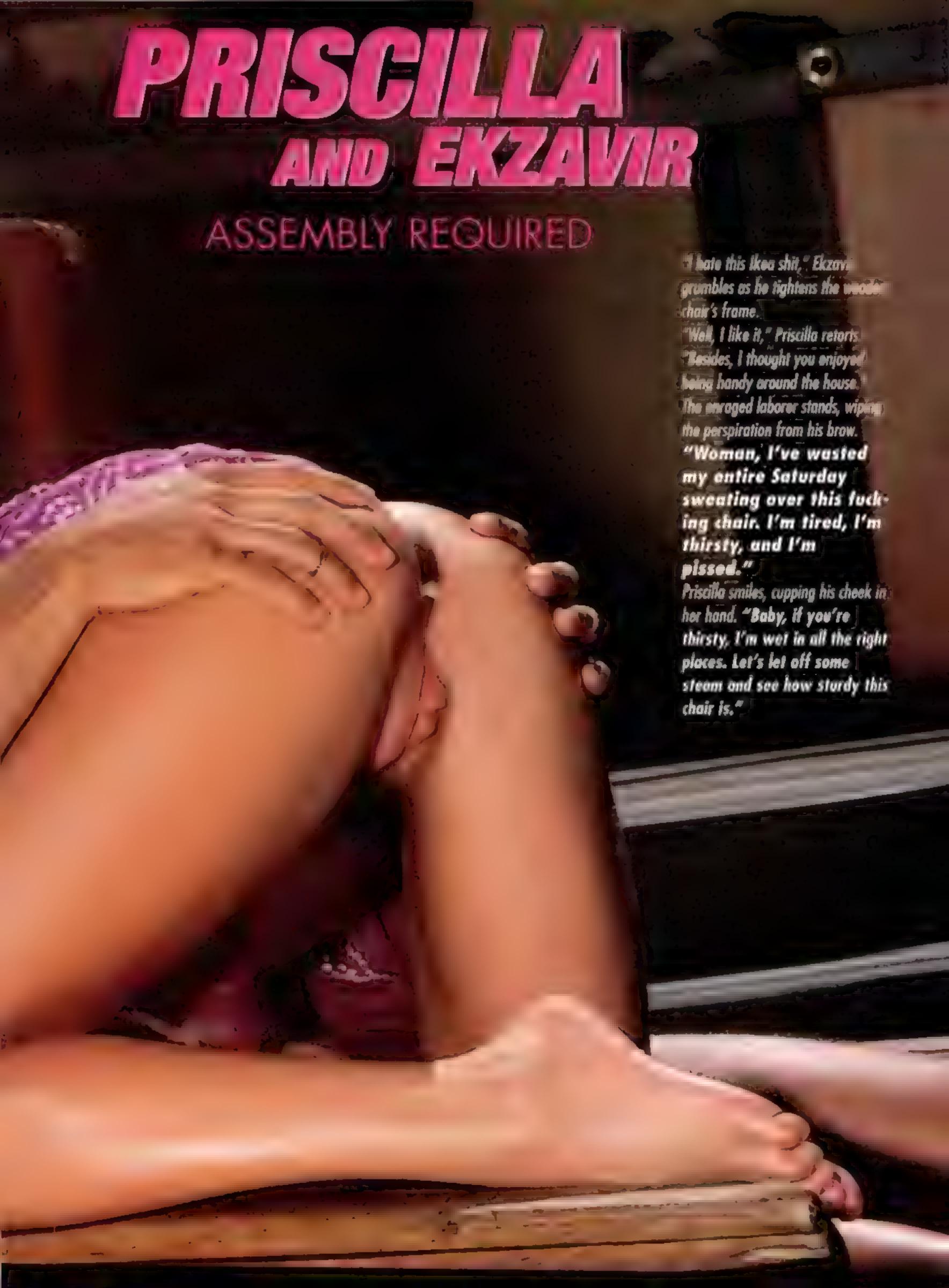


"Thank you, Grant-A-Wish Foundation!"



"Kenny, stop that right now! You cannot say God' in a public school!"

















The Stepford Whores

ter, Kelly.

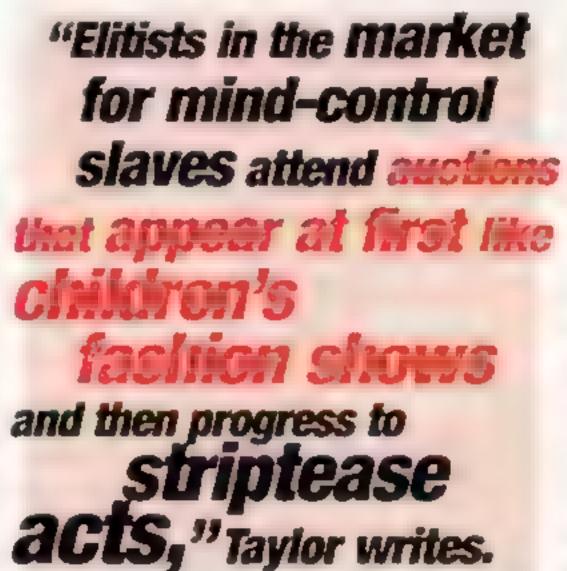
O'Brien even includes Larry Flynt as part of the conspiracy. "Flynt was unequivocally the official White House pornographer," writes O'Brien, who claims that Flynt supplied porn to Ronald Reagan. "Reagan's most apparent personality kink was his love for bestiality pornography. Reagan often watched the videos while I was prostituted to him, requiring me to reenact the porn however possible." According to O'Brien, Reagan preferred sex slaves who were trained to drink his urine so he wouldn't have to get up in the middle of the night to relieve himself.

O'Brien. Taylor and other self-proclaimed sex slaves say that none of their VIP rapists ever used a condom, because the nation's top brass, as well as their mind-controlled victims, had been inoculated against all sexually transmitted diseases with secret government vaccines. "It was a known fact that, since I was used on a White House/Pentagon level and was what they termed a 'Presidential Model,' that they would not get AIDS from me, that I was 'clean.' That was the term used," says O'Brien.

According to O'Brien, being a sex

slave, coupled with her father's constant abuse and torture, forced her personality to fragment into separate components that were unaware of one another, creating what is known as Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD), or the more recent, clinically accepted term Dissociative Identity Disorder.

O'Brien's compartmentalized mind



left her open to a form of brainwashing known as Neuro-Linguistic Programming that utilized themes from *The Wizard of Oz* and various Disney children's films. She was taught to go into another dimension "over the rainbow" whenever the pain of the abuse became too much to bear, and to identify with Cinderella when her father assigned her a strict,

daily regimen of household chores in order to break her into slavery.

O'Brien remembers being taken to Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma, where she was placed in an electrified "Tinker-belle" [sic] cage and tortured until her mind created alternative personalities—known as "alters"—that would, like Peter Pan, "never grow up."

The Disney brainwashing techniques are mentioned by many "recovered" Monarch slaves, including Brice Taylor, who claims that Walt Disney personally handed her off to a "very bad man" who molested her on Disneyland's Mr. Toad's Wild Ride when she was five years old.

Taylor's book, published in 1999, is almost identical to O'Brien's in its tale of mind control and kinky sex in high places. As in O'Brien's case, Taylor's abuse purportedly began with her father.

After being mentally and physically "broken in" by her supposedly CIA-employed dad, Taylor was ready to be sold as a sex slave to the rich and powerful. "Flitists in the market for mind-control slaves attend auctions that appear at first like children's fashion shows and then progress to striptease acts," she writes.

According to her book, Taylor's highest bidder was comedian Bob Hope, who became her owner. Taylor claims she was later introduced to Henry Kissinger, who programmed her to be his "mindfile," a sort of human personal computer. Like O'Brien, Taylor says she was prostituted from childhood on to executive-level government personnel, including Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, Ford and Reagan.

While the similarities between the two women's stories may seem to be a testament to their credibility, another explanation exists: When Taylor's "memories" of abuse first resurfaced, she participated in extended live-in deprogramming sessions performed by none other than Cathy O'Brien's husband and coauthor, Mark Phillips, who O'Brien credits with saving her from a life as a mind-controlled sex slave. Taylor now asserts that O'Brien and Phillips took advantage of her financially, while they, in turn, insist that all of Taylor's memories are defusions.

Taylor and her fellow victims offer many reasons why the Project Monarch programmers would want to create mind-controlled robots. Taylor claims that presidents "were encouraged to use these escorts to satisfy their sexual and emotional needs, instead of exposing themselves to outside individuals." Encounters with human sex toys (continued on page 106)





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The Stepford Whores

taped to blackmail public officials and businessmen, and Project Monarch victims can be used as couriers of sensitive information without recalling any of their actions. An underage sex slave could further be used in lucrative child pornography, prostituted to wealthy pedophiles or used as mules for the CIA's secret drug-trafficking operations.

Annie McKenna, another selfproclaimed CIA sex-slave-turned-writer and author of Paperclip Dolls, claims that trauma-based mind control programmed her to be a Manchurian Candidate like remote-controlled assassin. "Each of my alters was programmed to respond to a specific radio frequency or signal, sometimes in combination with a cue of a word or phrase," she writes. "The phone would ring; I would answer it, hear my cue and radio signal. and an alter would come out and receive instructions for a mission. I would hang up and have no memory of ever having had the conversation,"

Like the other women, McKenna did not recall any of these experiences until adulthood, when an attempt at novel writing stirred up unsettling feelings. McKenna then turned to "scrapbook therapy," in which her various buried personalities spoke to her through collages that she made. McKenna's psychotherapeutic art pieces caused awful "memories" to flood into her mind.

"On December 11, 1997, about three months after the first memory, someone in my support group sent information about Project Monarch," relates

Annie McKenna, another self-proclaimed former CIA Sex SIAVE, claims that trauma-based mind control programmed her to be a remotecentrelled assassin.

McKenna. "As soon as I read it, I knew that's what had happened to me."

McKenna claims that Project Monarch programming contains a built-in discreditation mechanism. "The belief was that, if we ever did remember, the ritual-abuse memories would surface first, and the medical community and public would label us insane."

Pamela J. Monday, Ph.D, a therapist in Austin, Texas, says she has consulted or treated more than 60 Multiple Personality Disorder sufferers. Monday, who estimates that 75% of her MPD patients are victims of government mind-control experimentation, agrees that "screen memories" are commonly used as a way to discredit abuse victims' claims "Ahen abduction, I think, is a screen memory," says Monday. "Under hypnotic trance, you can create this image of being abducted in the mindsome of which is actually staged, where they have like a Hollywood set, with little dwarves going around in these little costumes. So if you're in an altered state, if you're drugged, you think this is real. So when you start talking about that, people think you're crazy. Deeper down in the psyche is the actual trauma and abuse and nasty stuff that goes on."

Many mental-health professionals contend that therapists such as Monday create, rather than recover, memories, as do the people who are accused of heinous crimes on the evidence of "recovered memories." The latter are represented by the False Memory Syndrome Foundation (FMSF), whose spokesperson, Paniela Freyd, questions the motives of those who are "using hypnosis, guided imagery, sodium amytal, relaxation exercise, participation in groups, reading suggestive literature and other techniques in an effort to excavate memories."

Freyd doubts the validity of any MPD diagnosis. "Many in the psychiatric community believe that MPD is *introgenic*—that is, caused by the use of hypnosis and the type of interviewing techniques of the doctor," says Freyd.

Monday contends that the FMSF is trying to cover up mind-control abuse. "Why would you bother to spend so much time and money trying to put down these theories if there was nothing to these theories? Why not just ignore it? Many of the False Memory people are associated with the mind-control experimentation and have been accused of sexual abuse themselves, which is how the foundation got started."

While Monday, O'Brien, Taylor and McKenna have never provided any physical proof of their claims, Project Monarch has been implicated in a Nebraska sex scandal. In February 1999, Paul Bonacci was awarded \$1 million by U.S. District Court Judge Warren Urbom in a civil case against 16 people, including Lawrence E. King, the former (continued on page 122)





guy nearly bit them off! I like titty-fucking and having man goo sprayed in my face, but I think it's time these mooks realize that my entire body is delicious." The top-heavy delicacy greases a favorite toy with spit and guides it toward her neglected trench. "Look how tight my pussy is," she groans, sliding the shaft inside her flaps. "You have to fuck the whole person!"































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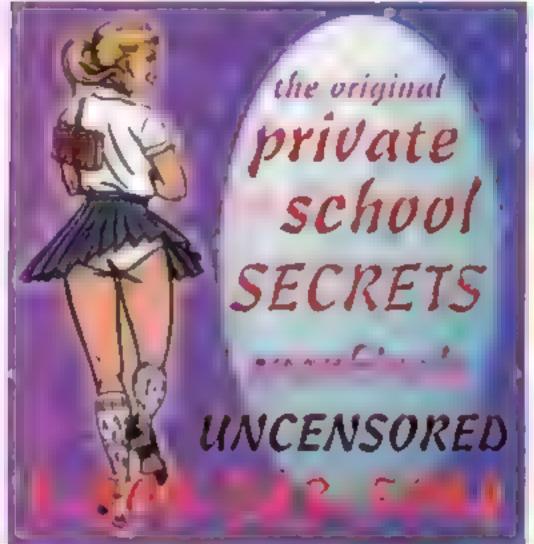


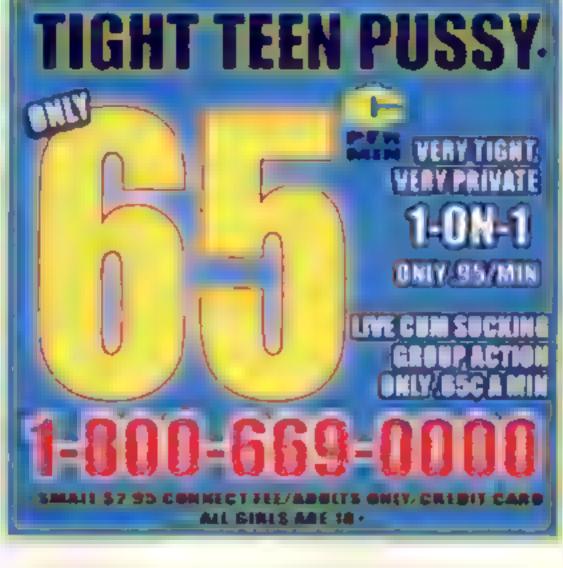
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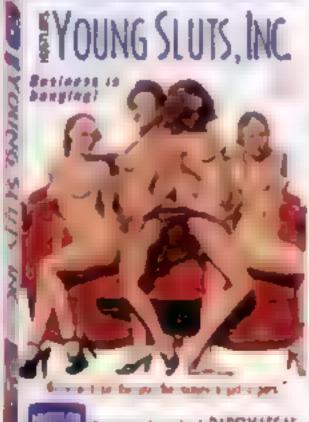








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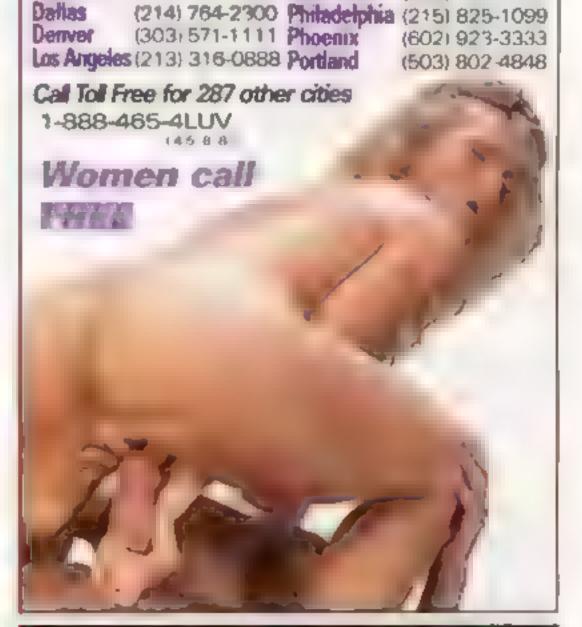
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The Stepford Whores

failed Franklin Credit Union who is currently in prison for the savings-and-loan scandal. The judge dismissed all of the defendants except for King, against whom Urbom awarded a default judgment, since King failed to respond to the charges

In the course of the trial, Bonacci testified that he was taken to numerous pedophilic and sadomasochistic parties around the country, where he was drugged and prostituted to the rich and powerful. Bonacci also admitted to participating in the kidnapping of 12-yearold paperboy Johnny Gosch in Des Moines, Iowa.

Johnny's mother, Noreen Gosch, is convinced that Bonacci is telling the truth and that her son was kidnapped by intelligence and organized-crime elements involved in Project Monarch. "[Bonacci] told us that he was put into Monarch training at a very young age, right at Offutt Air Force Base [near Omaha, Nebraska]," says Noreen. "Johnny was put through the same training." Noreen Gosch claims that her son came to her house for a brief visit in the middle of the night in 1997, "He told me that he had been subjected to mind control," she says, "and that

his job was to compromise politicians and any VIP that they felt they wanted to do that to."

Former FBI agent Ted Gunderson, who has lectured with Brice Taylor and praises her on the back cover of her book, believes that Project Monarch is related to Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA), reports of which began to surface in

Gosch claims that her son came to briefly visit her in 1997. "He told me that he had been subjected to mind control, and that his job was to compromise politicians."

the early 1980s. Although now largely discredited by the mental-health establishment, SRA continues to attract many believers who think a global conspiracy of satanists controls the child-pornography and drug trades. SRA scaremongers believe that these people engage in the large-scale abduction and abuse of thousands of children for

use in satanic sexual rituals and the pornographic documentation thereof. When not from "multigenerational satanic families," where their parents willingly submit them to the Monarch program, children are snatched off the streets.

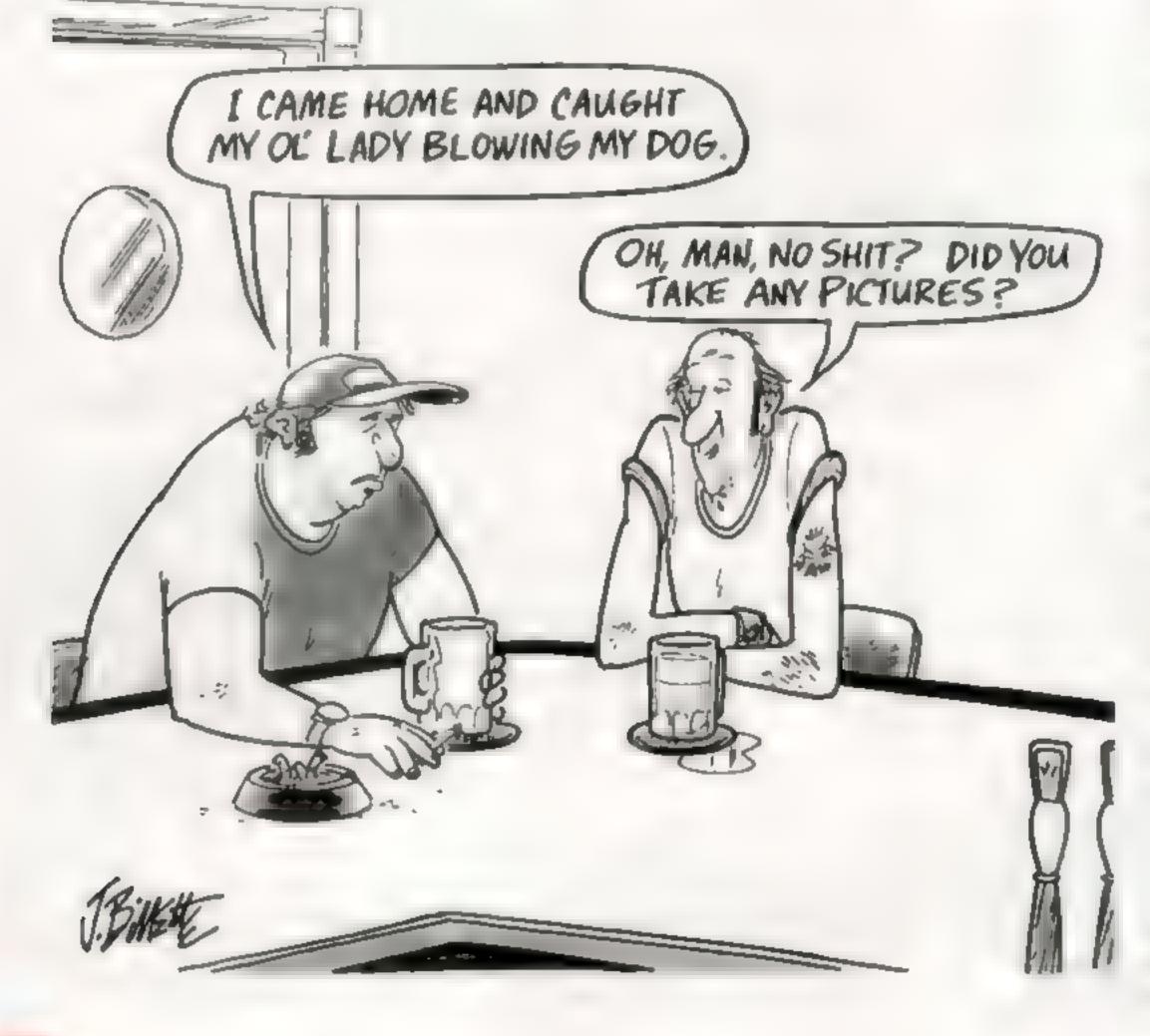
"The satama-cult movement dovetails with U.S. intelligence to some degree," says Gunderson. "In addition to being involved in this kidnapping ring, they were taking kids out of foster homes and orphanages and flying them to Washington, D.C., for sex-orgy parties with congressmen and senators."

Robert Sterling, a conspiracy expert and editor of the Web site konformist.com, is convinced that O'Brien at least believes all of the things in her book, and that whatever untruths she passes on were implanted in her head by others. He wonders if people are using these women to smear legitimate research into government-sponsored mind control.

"Whether wittingly or not, Brice faylor is an agent of disinformation, and she works that way whether she was part of some plot or not. As for Cathy, it's possible that ideas were planted in her head at some point for a cover-screen story which is so ludicrous that it makes the whole thing seem like a joke. I'm not saying that nothing ever happened to Cathy. In fact, I suspect that it did. I have seen a video of nurses looking at Cathy's vagina, and her vagina has been carved into."

Another video-an unedited interview with Brice Taylor-convinced Sterling that Taylor is lying, "Brice Taylor goes into this whole thing about how sick Bill Clinton is, and then the interviewer asks her if she could give some examples, and she says, 'I'd rather not get into that.' It was kind of like, 'Let me get this straight—you don't have any problem talking about having dolphin sex and forced lesbian sex with your daughter, but anything involving Bill Clinton is too painful for you to bring up?' It doesn't seem to make sense that she couldn't even bring up a small detail unless she didn't have any story made up about him yet."

These women obviously don't see themselves as agents of disinformation, but rather as messengers of much-needed truth, "Knowledge is our only defense against mind control," says O'Brien. "Right now, it's essential that people have this information, because it's a key component of what's terrorizing America and the world today,"





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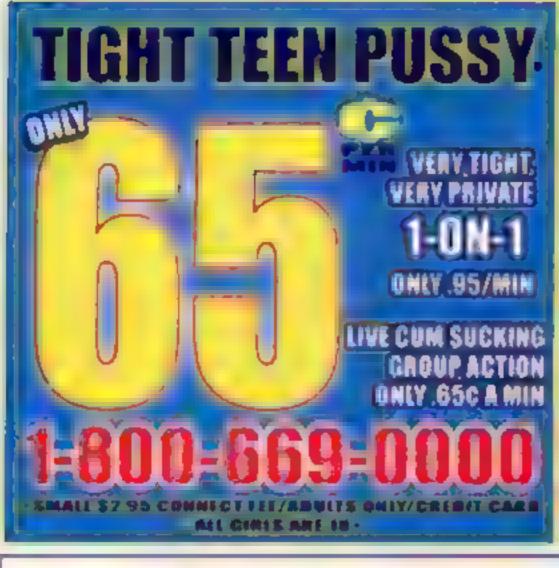
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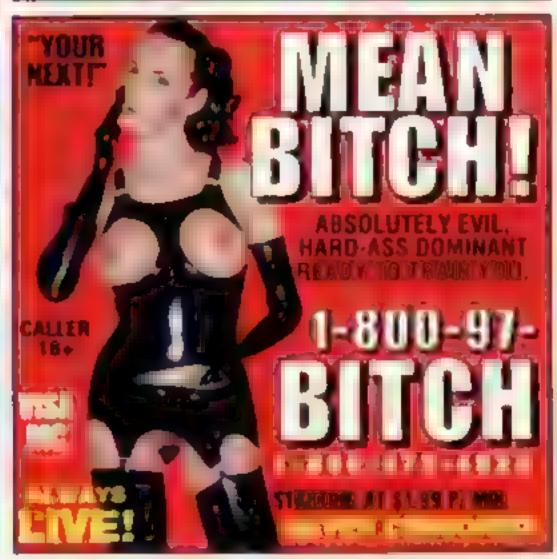


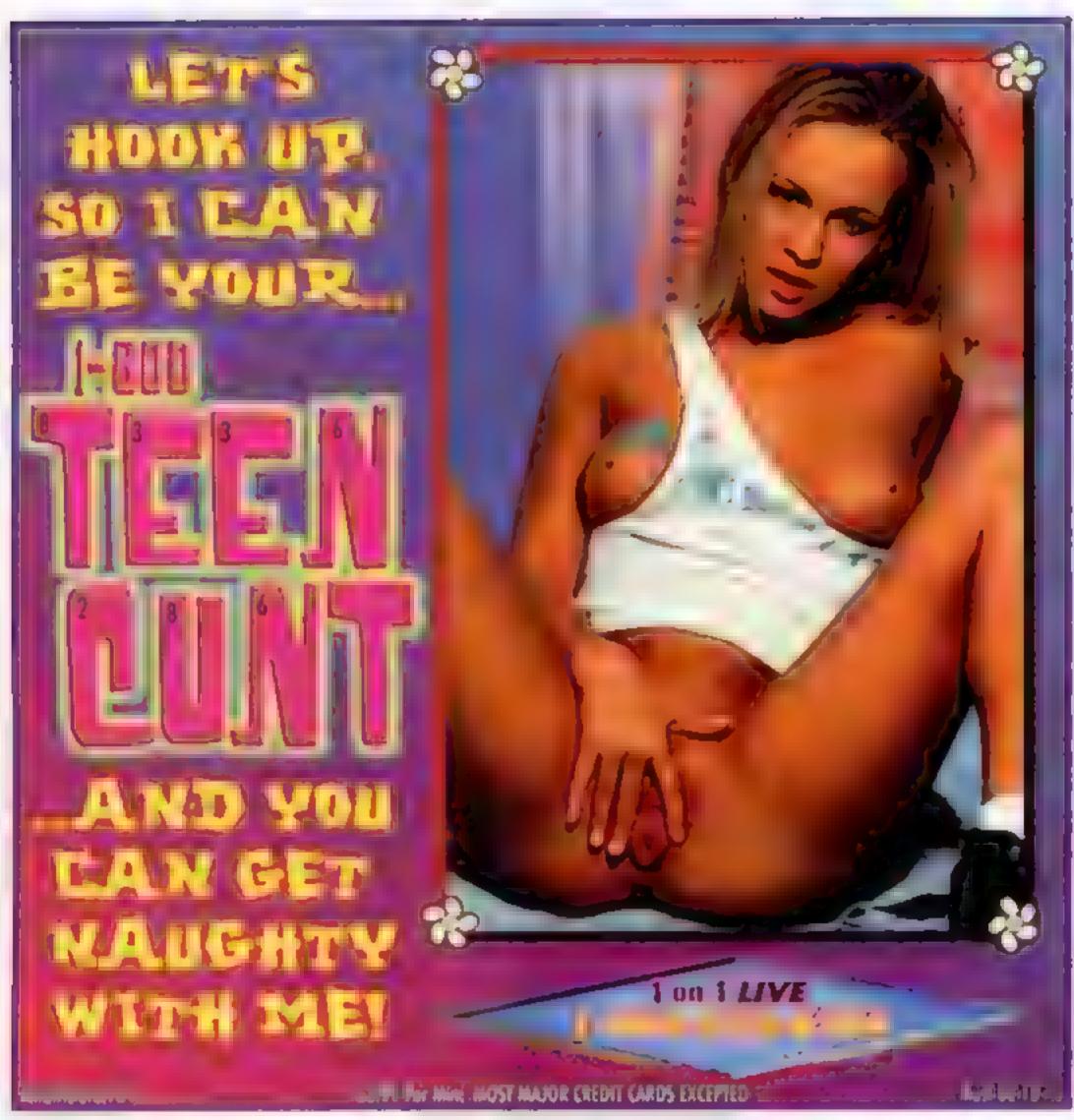


















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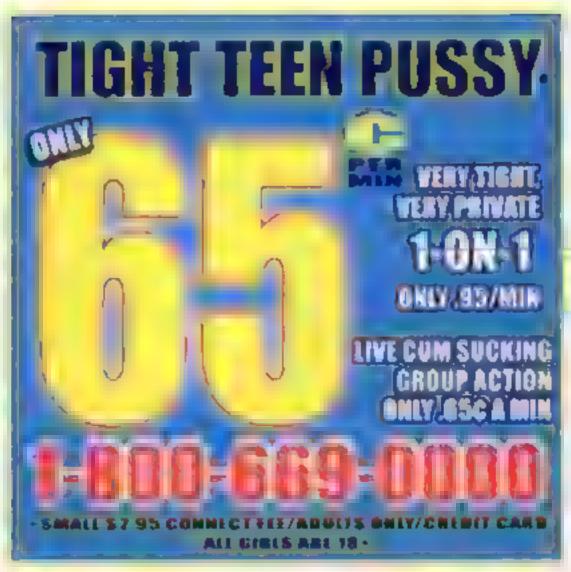




















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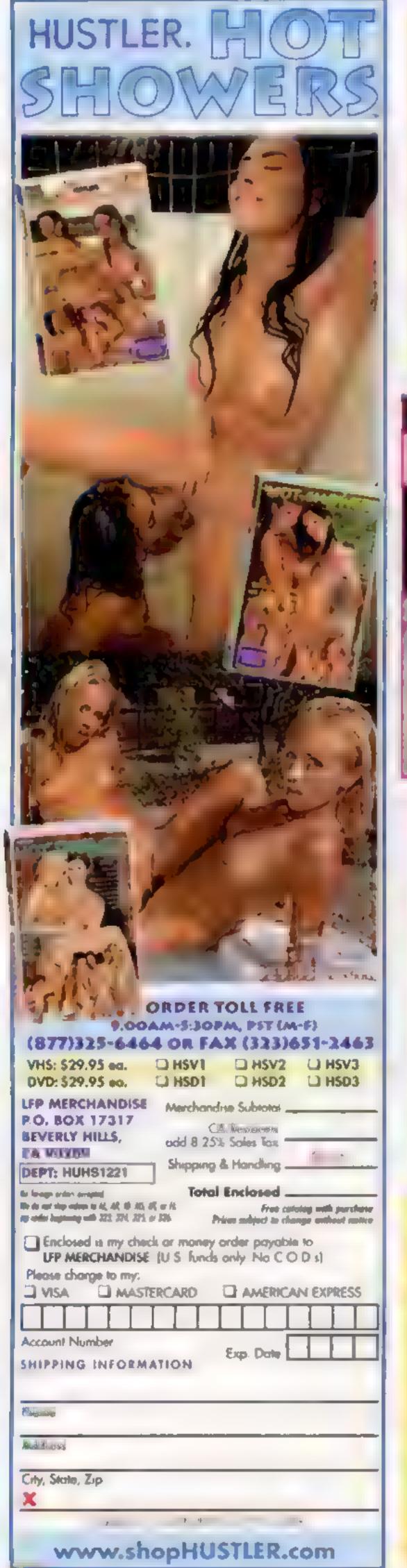
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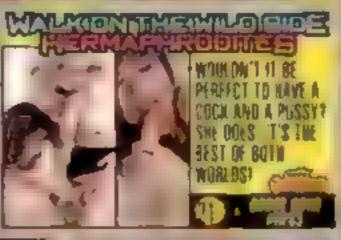






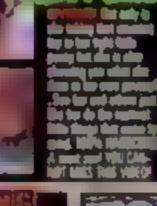
















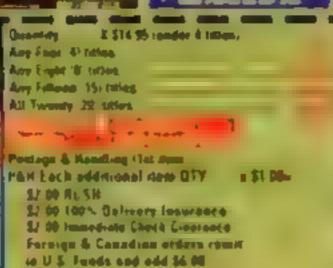








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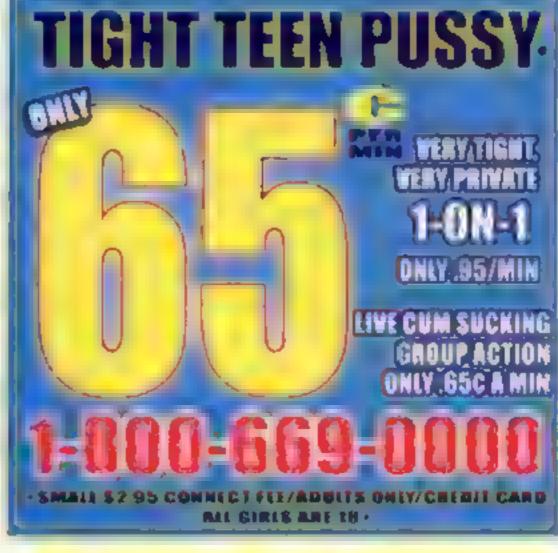
















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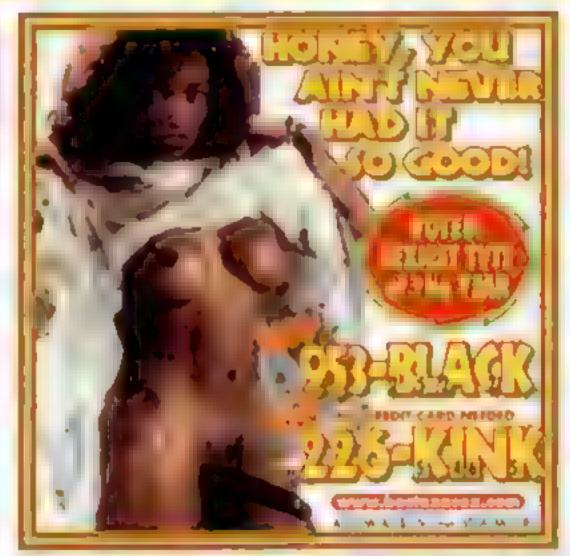
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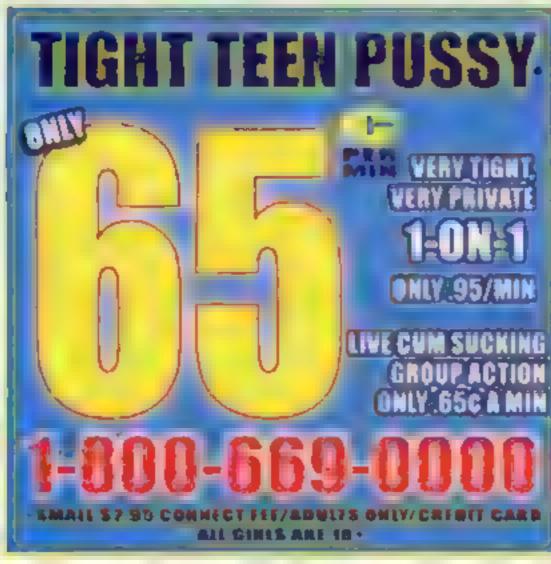
















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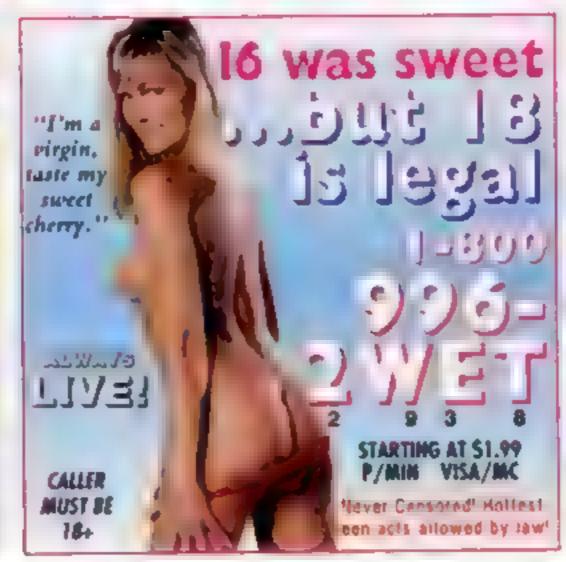


























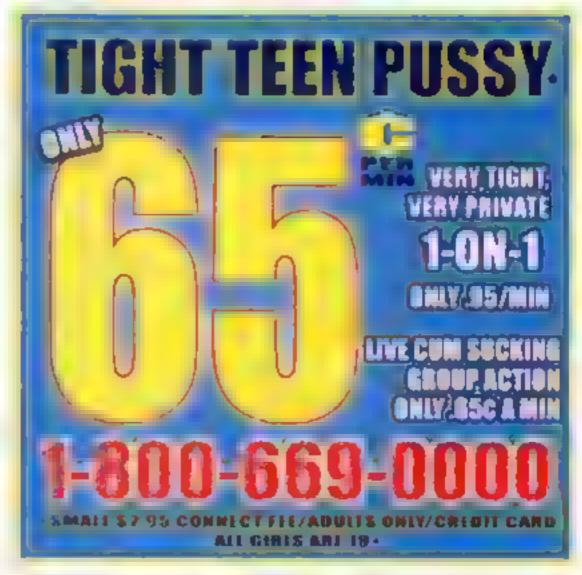








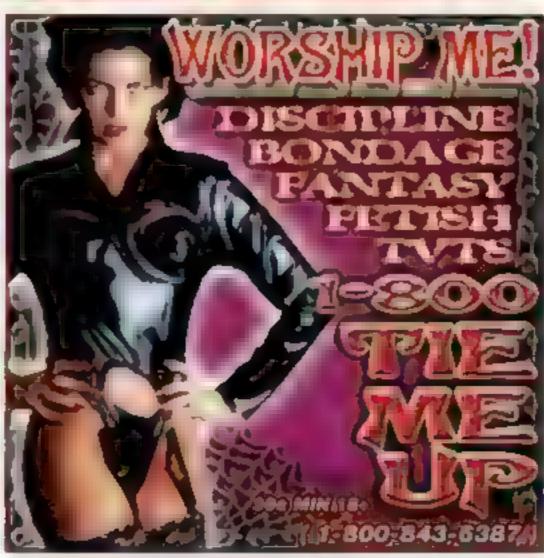








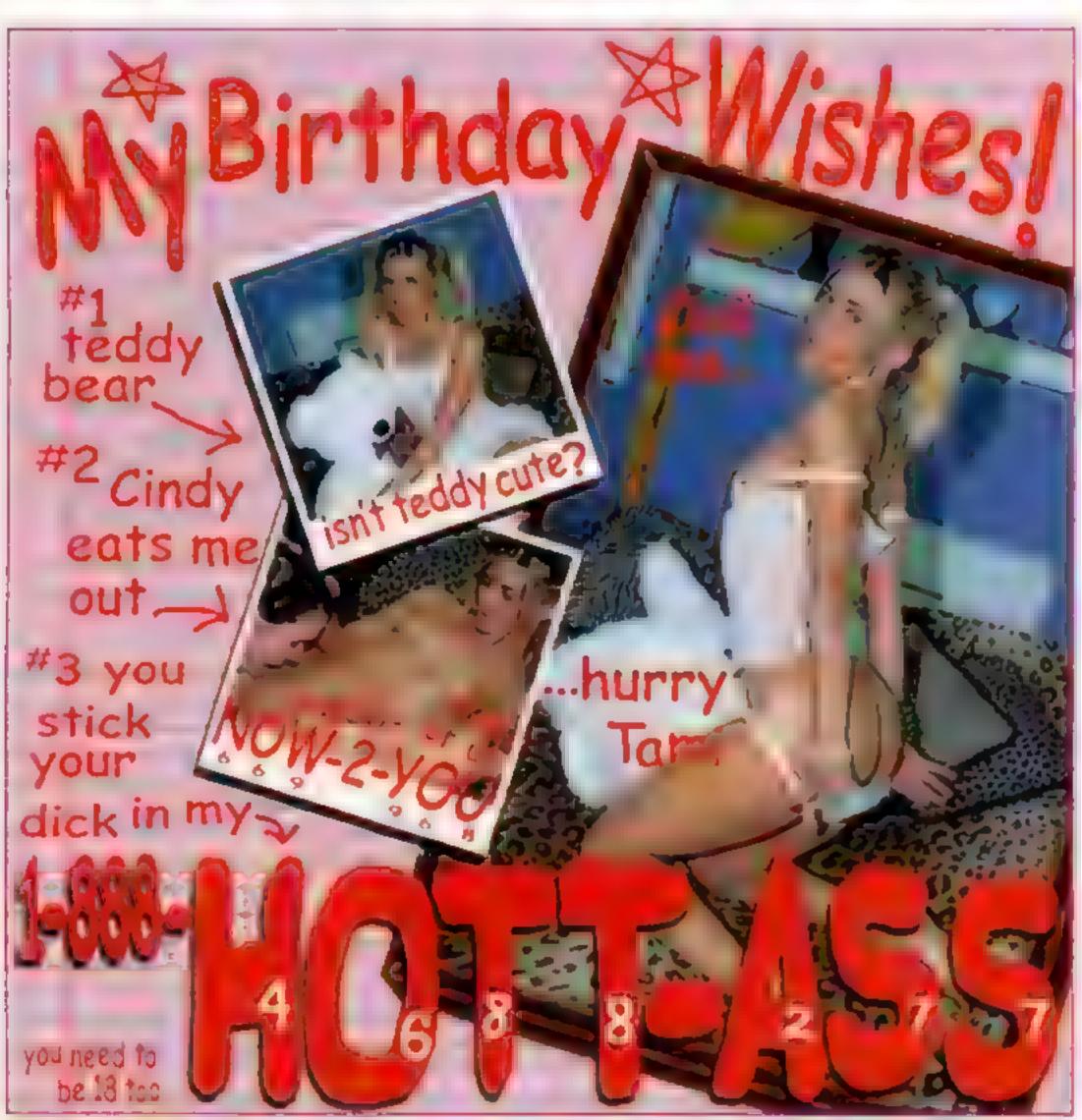






















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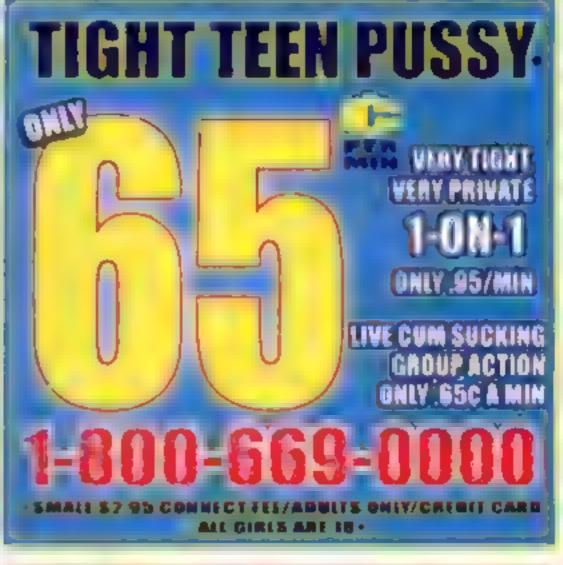














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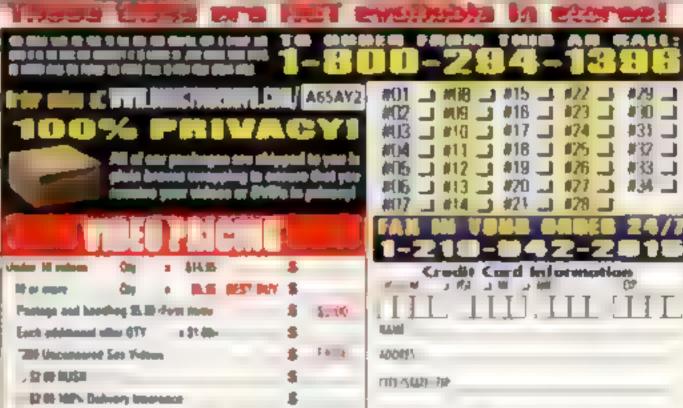


















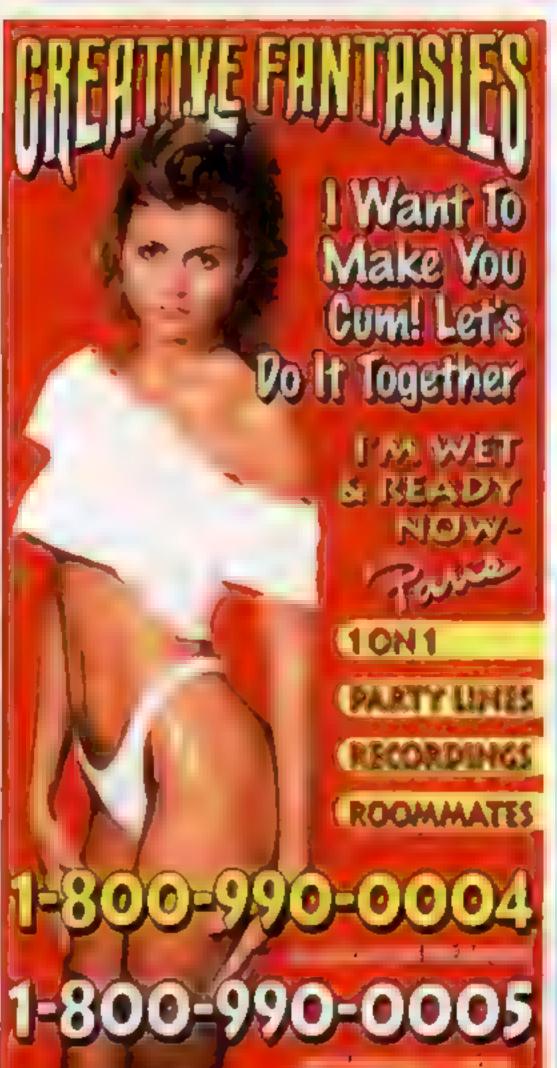


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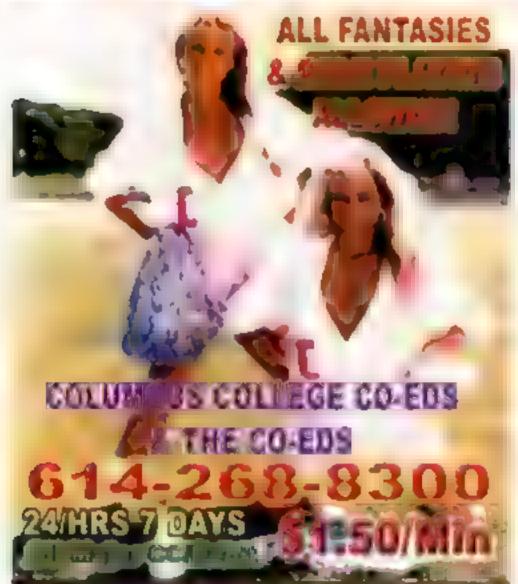












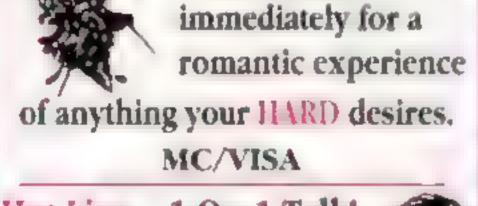


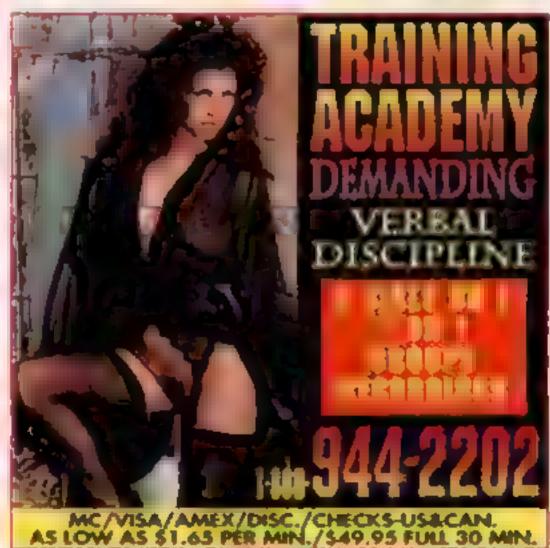






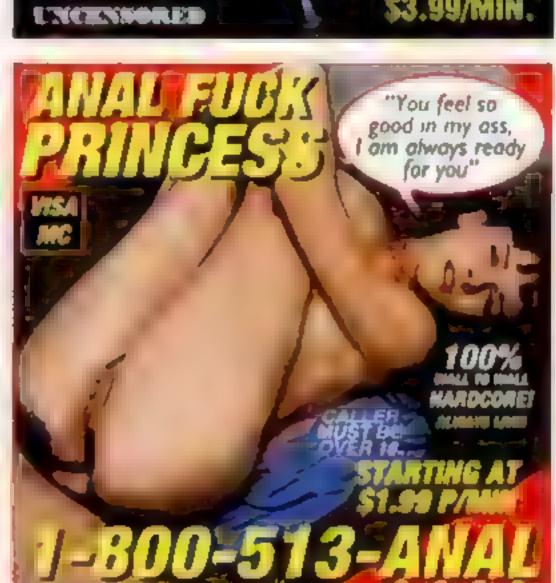
















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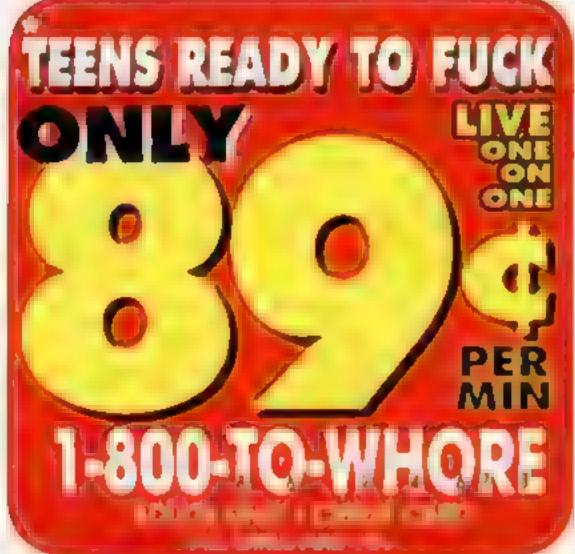
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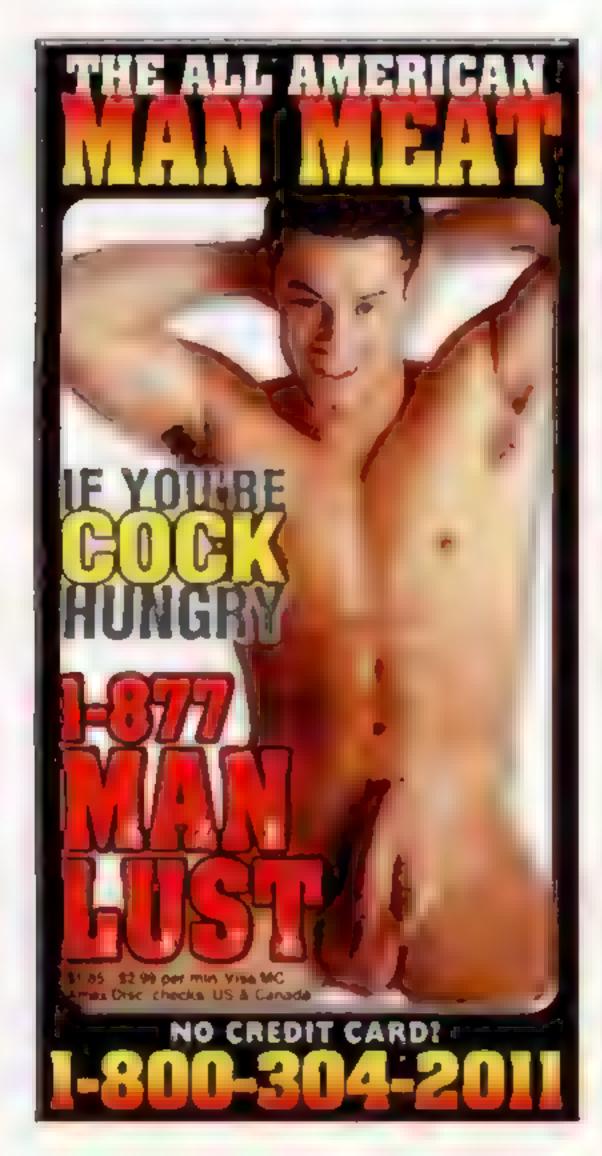




























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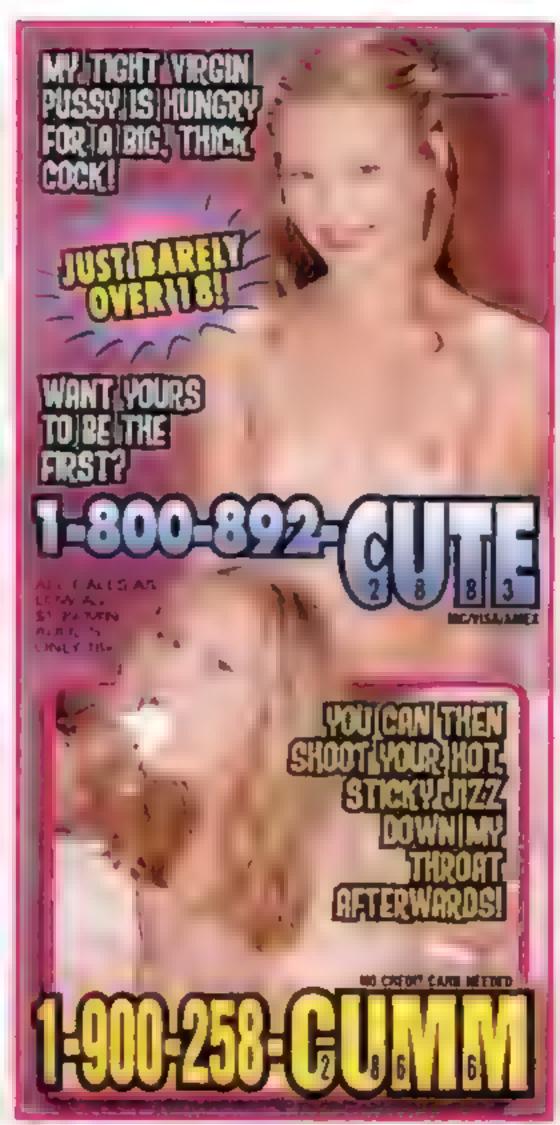
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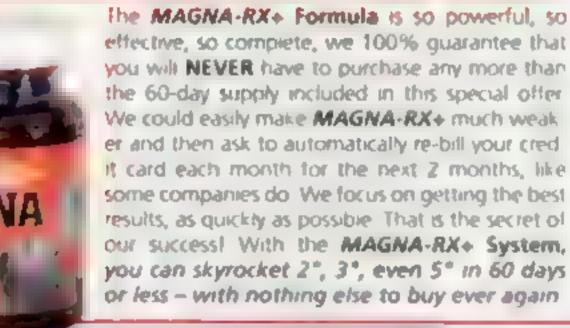
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Fin too shy to tell the whole world, but I don't mind telling you that I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more " -R C., South Carolina.

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(continued from page 59) the vehicle's huge steering wheel to the right.

"What was I thinking?" I said to myself -N. E. "It's never too hot to fuck."

Miami, Florida

Backdoor Revelation

There's not a prick in the world that can fill my ass, I've nailed dudes with foot-long dongs as thick as Coke cans, and I still barely feel a thing, "You're too relaxed," my girlfriend Trixie once told me. "I let it take me by surprise sometimes. An unexpected cock in the shitter feels like a jolt of hot lightning up your spine."

I long for those days. Madonna knew what she was talking about when she sang "Like a Virgin." I dream about the days when my little wink was scaled up as tight as a Lutheran's scowl. I thought I'd seen it all—the whorish cheerleader with a flask tucked into her skirt and a taste for jizz. Then a linebacker's pecker jabbed me where the sun don't shine and changed all of that, I still have the bloody panties to prove it

"I know a guy who can solve your problem," Trixie told me last week over cocktails.

"I seriously doubt that," I said, thinking back to all the beefy schlongs that had bounced against the insides of my elastic rectum like hot dogs in a wind tunnel.

I took the number anyway, jumped through some hoops and eventually found myself eve-to-eve with Renaddo's cyclops.

"I appreciate the effort," I said, assaying his average-size meat stick, "but that thing's just not gonna cut it."

"Don't worry," Renaldo said, "I'll fill you up." He reached for a tube of lubricaut, which sent me into a fit of laughter.

"You're definitely not gonna need that shit," I said. My eves flowed with mirthful tears.

"Okay," the dude shrugged, sidling up behind me and poking my sphincters with his tool. The muscles opened wide. I could barely feel his rod inside me

"I told you," I said.

"You're more open than I thought," Renaldo said. "We can move much more quickly."

He removed his useless jimmy from my butthole and put it in my cunt, where it might actually do some good. That's when I felt his index finger creep into my shitter.

"You might want to bite down on something," he said.

I turned around to ask him what the fuck he was talking about just as a shot of electric pleasure sent my lower body into spasms. An ear-to-ear grin split Renaldo's face.

"What the fuck?" I panted. Renaldo's knuckles flexed just outside my tautly stretched sphincters

"Now take a deep breath," Renaldo said calmly, slowly pumping my cunt as he spoke to me. My crotch felt alive for the first time since I can remember. My sluices opened, and the first of many gushers spurted around Renaldo's modest prong.

"It's just like before," I said. My mind was wild with pleasure; I'm still not even sure if what I was saying made any sense.

Renaldo just nodded and smiled Then he pushed. No amount of breathing could prepare me for the exquisite pain that I felt. The sensation was more intense than anything I'd ever endured My first anal experience was child's play compared to this. Renaldo was fisting me like a master.

My shit-rings clamped around Renaldo's wrist like a fleshy watchband Inside me, his hand opened. Renaldo's cock hadn't let up on my snatch; he was

still stroking and building up steam. All I could do was egg him on.

"Give me more!" I screamed.

Renaldo shook his head. "We mustn't. you naughty girl."

He pounded my cunt harder. With every jab, his buried hand jerked outward, straining my sphincters, "I've got something else for you."

I couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed. I was greedy for more asspleasure. I imagined his muscular forearms tearing into my bottom, his hand reaching to impossible depths, I wondered what his coarse arm hair would feel like against my silken insides.

"Tell me how this feels," Renaldo said. With one swift maneuver, his submerged hand guided his cock into my G spot, then hurriedly withdrew from my shithole. Everything went white. When I finally came to my senses, Renaldo was firing hot jizz into my shell-shocked orifice. Jesus. The feeling was indescribable.

Somebody really ought to turn Madonna on to anal fisting, It might inspire her to make decent music again.

> -[. O]Great Falls, Montana

Send your sexpenences to HUSTLER Hot Letters 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills CA 90211 🏖



"Sure I muss you, sweetheart! When will you be home?"



















Her Holeyness

Perverts of every creed will rejoice with the gifts packed into HUSTLER's exalted Holiday issue. A blond hot-rodder is proud of her Shelby Cobra, but she can't put it in gear until she finds the right snake for her slit. Two beach babes go diving for tasty bearded clams. Elsewhere, a pouty nymphet with black boots and a choker seeks a master to obey. A baby-faced brunette suns her snatch by an open window. A mocha-skinned beauty earns a dollop of cream from a lucky stud. The Honeys of HUSTLER's Holiday issue will make readers rise and give spanks.

The Death of Live Sex

Before the onslaughts of AIDS, Rudolph Giuliani and Disney, the flesh industry of New York City's Times Square rivaled anything to be found in places like Amsterdam. Among the hookers, peep shows and porn theaters, drama enthusiasts could also watch randy couples fuck live on stage. Often featuring elaborate role-playing and costumes, many of the performers who started on the stages of New York eventually made the transition to XXX video. In a nostalgically graphic HUSTLER feature, reporters Bill Landis and Michelle Clifford talk to the former stars of Manhattan's illegitimate theater about the days

when reciting poetry while a female performer sucked off her costar provided enough "redeeming social value" to prevent an obscenity bust.



For anyone who has ever dreamed of being a porn star for a day, or just wished that their homemade sex videos were a little more polished, a Beverly Hills company offers deviants the chance to live out their fantasies and record them for posterity in a fully equipped studio that provides everything needed to film their own X-rated epic. With detailed sets ranging from haylofts to castle dungeons, amateur pornographers can tape themselves boffing via remote-controlled cameras, or hire a professional videographer. Correspondent Ann Miller documented her hard-core acting and directing debut and reveals whether the results earned a thumbsup in our Holiday Sex Play.

Snizz Season

Stroll through a true rogues' gallery when we unveil the winners of HUSTLER's Second Chance Art Contest. Spread holiday jeers with the blasphemous offerings of Bits & Pieces. Simplify your X-Mas shopping with Erotic Entertainment's guide to the filthiest stocking stuffers. Jeanna Fine brings glad tidings to pervs with problems in Dear Stut. In the spirit of giving, local beauties unwrap their boxes for all to see in Beaver Hunt. The Holiday HUSTLER proves that naughty is nice.

HUSTLER's Web site is coming now at on sale www.hustler.com





